The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1889.

The Week.

Poor Tanner has been publicly humiliated again for having followed in the Pension Office the pledges which he and his superior in the White House had made on the stump. Last year Gen. Harrison declared that "this is no time to use the apothecary's scale to measure the rewards of men who saved the country." In accordance with the spirit of this declaration, Tanner was no sooner installed in office than he tossed out of the window "the apothecary's scale" of a law which fixed the rate of many thousands of pensioners at two dollars a month, and doubled the amount by one of his own orders. This order has now been rescinded by the Interior Department, on the ground that "it has neither the color of law nor the authority of precedent." Now, in order to furnish the most conspicuous possible illustration of the fact that "the apothecary's scale" had been discarded, the Corporal had picked out a well-to-do official, Senator Manderson of Nebraska, jumped the rate of his pension up from $15 to $30 per month, and sent him $4,300 back pay. When this outrageous performance was exposed last summer, all hands concerned attempted to brazen it out, Mr. Manderson himself telling an Omaha reporter that it was nobody's business. But the force of public opinion has made itself felt, and both the Interior Department and the Nebraska Senator have been constrained to bow before it. Secretary Noble recently informed Mr. Manderson that "the rerating, having been without application and without medical examination, was not in pursuance of the usual practice, was not in compliance with rule, and was therefore unwarranted"; and the Senator, finding that there was nothing else to do, has returned the rerated certificate and the $4,300, although he does it with ill grace. So far the experiment of running the United States Government on what may be called the hay-scale basis has not been a success.

The full returns of the Indianapolis election show it to have been one of the most gratifying exhibitions of Mugwumpism ever seen in a municipal election. The *Journal*, the President's home organ, next morning after the voting, said that the result was "largely due to Republican apathy and absenteeism from the polls"; but as the total vote was hundreds larger than in the preceding city election, it is evident that what converted a Republican majority of 774 into a Democratic majority of 1,791 was not the absence of Republicans from the polls, but their presence with Democratic ballots, which they cast to rebuke the gang rule of the last two years. Thus does the Mugwump, so often and so ostentatiously buried by such Republican organs as the Indianapolis *Journal*, suddenly reappear, to the confusion of the enemies of good government.

We notice in the *Tribune's* despatches from Washington that the Rev. Dr. Hamlin of the Church of the Covenant in that city announced from the pulpit on Sunday that a gentleman known to be Mr. Halford, the President's private secretary, was about to start "an adult Bible class," and "solicited applications for membership." Mr. Halford, it appears, is himself a "well-known communicant of the church," but he is also the Mr. Elijah Halford who, before taking his present place, was editor of the Indianapolis *Journal*, and in that capacity, on the 13th of October, 1888, wrote, or caused to be written, and printed in his paper an editorial article charging President Cleveland, by innuendo, with accepting "a check for $10,000" as a bribe for allowing Government deposits to be in certain banks, and adding: "Nothing in his [the President's] character or antecedents forbade the supposition that he would accept that favor." Halford now knows that President Harrison is doing the very same thing in the matter of the deposits that President Cleveland did, and must therefore be fully convinced that his charge against Mr. Cleveland was a disgraceful slander, forbidden by the Ninth Commandment. It seems eminently fitting, therefore, that Mr. Halford, before starting his "adult Bible class," and, indeed, in order to fit him to conduct a Bible class at all without gross scandal, should make some apology or atonement for his offence as public as the offence itself. Did he belong to the Catholic Church, we do not believe—we speak under correction—that he would be allowed to set up as a religious teacher of any description without first purifying himself by some sort of recantation or penance. What aggravates his guilt and makes his present situation all the more embarrassing is, that he cited President Cleveland's failure to live up to his "civil-service-reform professions," in support of the charge of "personal dishonesty"—an argument which, if sound, surrounds his own chief with a nimbus which is anything but Biblical. We respectfully ask the Rev. Dr. Hamlin to look into this matter before allowing Mr. Halford to start as a teacher in his church. There is so much religion in this Administration that it is of the last importance that as much of it as comes before the public should be "pure and undefiled."

Neither time nor political mischance has detracted anything from the ability of Senator John Sherman to make the worse appear the better reason. His right hand has not forgot its cunning, nor eke his tongue. He made a speech at Orville, O., on Thursday, in which the tariff naturally formed the *pièce de résistance*. The dangers threatening the industries of the country if any such measure as the Mills bill should become a law, were feelingly depicted. There was nobody present, apparently, to remind Mr. Sherman that he advocated and voted for a bill in 1872 which made larger tariff reductions in the average than the Mills bill proposed. But if the honorable Senator had been reminded of this fact, he would undoubtedly have scuttled away by showing that the particular reductions that he favored in 1872 were different in some respects from those which the Mills bill proposed. The fact that Mills himself was a Southerner, and the leading supporters of the bill Southern Democrats, was used to good effect again, the pertinence of that circumstance to the economic bearings of the measure being perfectly obvious to all. Having shown satisfactorily that it is the tariff that sustains the industries of the country, including agriculture, and keeps the wages of workingmen up to a high level, Mr. Sherman took up the subject of Trusts and combinations, and said that "they have no connection with tariff laws." But he said subsequently: "If such individuals or corporations combine to advance the price of the domestic product and to prevent the free result of open and fair competition, I would without a moment's hesitation reduce the duties on foreign goods competing with them, in order to break down the combination." The Orville speech having been written and printed and sent to the press before it was delivered, what are we to think of these two incongruous statements, first, that Trusts have *no connection* with tariff laws, and second, that if they do combine to take advantage of the tariff, he (Sherman) will vote to reduce the duties? It is all very mysterious, or would be in the case of a speaker of less known dexterity and facility for dodging and doubling and twisting than John Sherman.

When Messrs. Thurber and Plummer were circulating forged and fraudulent extracts from English papers in the last canvass, we did not know that they were copying a greater man than Thurber and at least the equal of Plummer. It appears that it was the first Napoleon who started the dodge of getting sham extracts from English papers for political purposes. He wrote to Fouché August 28, 1804: "The notes you have sent me upon the powerlessness of Russia are written by a man of sense. Publish them in a newspaper as translated from an English paper; *choose the name of one that is little known*" (Lanfrey, ii., 146). How this last touch reminds one of the device of the Home Market Club of Boston in ascribing one of their forged extracts to an English paper entitled the *Iron Era*, which was not only "little known," but did not exist. We are ashamed of Plummer. We had no idea he was a plagiarist.

The *Electrical Engineer* (October number) has an article on the copper tariff in its relation to our export trade in electrical supplies, showing how this industry has been crippled, and in some cases actually transferred to Europe, by our tariff, which enables foreigners to get American copper at lower

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rates than our own manufacturers can get it. A case is mentioned where an American manufacturer of insulated copper wire, which he was exporting to foreign markets, observing that the price of copper in the United States was several cents a pound higher than in Europe, concluded that his trade in the American-made wire could not be permanent, because the Europeans would soon imitate his wire and run him out, having their copper cheaper. So he sent machinery over there and started the manufacture in Europe. Then the price of copper in the United States fell to the European price and he sent his machinery back. Then the French copper syndicate collapsed and the European price went down, but the American combination held together and maintained the price here at four to five cents above the foreign. So the machinery was sent over a second time, and is now in operation, and the country has lost whatever advantage it possessed in the manufacture of this wire for export. "A difference," says the *Electrical Engineer*, "in the price of copper between the United States and Europe of 20 per cent. is enough to swallow up all the profit in the export of many electrical supplies, such as insulated wire and cables, while it places American makers of dynamos, and of any other apparatus containing copper or brass, at a decided disadvantage in the markets of the world. The recent drop in the American price improves the situation of manufacturers in the United States; but let us not complacently assume that the copper-miners have experienced religion."

The decision of Judge Day in the Kemmler case, affirming the constitutionality of the Electrical Execution Law, must have been anticipated from the beginning. To set aside a law of the State, passed after more than the usual deliberation, merely because some people think one way and some people think another way, would be a very fantastic method of carrying on a government, and one which the judiciary would not be likely to lend countenance to. That electricity will kill, and kill suddenly, is attested almost daily in our streets. This is a fact which everybody except electrical experts interested in overhead wires understand. Whenever a man is instantly killed in this way, a desperate effort is made to show that the insulation was defective, or that the weather was damp, or that there was a leak somewhere, or that the converter was put in the wrong place. But when it is proposed to apply electricity directly to a murderer under sentence of death, without any insulation at all, and in the most scientific state of dampness, and so that all the leakage shall go into the body of the condemned, and so that the converter shall be in exactly the right place, then learned counsel and learned witnesses come forward by scores to tell us that it is extremely doubtful whether electricity will kill instantly, and so doubtful that we ought to go back to hanging, which, as everybody knows, will kill in the course of one to twenty minutes, according to the state of the machinery in use, the strength of the rope, the skill of the Sheriff, and the state of his nervous system.

The final tests of the Zalinski dynamite guns on board the cruiser *Vesuvius*, which was built for the purpose of carrying them, were remarkably successful, and official word to that effect has been communicated to the Navy Department. It was demonstrated that the three guns, mounted at the bow of the cruiser, were capable of throwing fifteen shells, each carrying 200 pounds of dynamite, a distance of more than a mile within about seventeen minutes. The three guns were tried in succession. The first discharged its five shells in less than five minutes, the second did the same work in about the same time, and the third in a little more than six minutes. As the contract with the Government required a discharge of fifteen shells within thirty minutes, this was giving almost double what was required. There was sufficient air pressure remaining in the guns at the close of the experiments to show them capable of throwing fifteen more shells without replenishing the air reservoirs. Each shell contains 200 pounds of high explosive, and the guns are therefore capable of carrying 6,000 pounds of the most powerful explosive matter a distance of over a mile with no danger of explosion till it reaches its destination. Here is indeed a new and awful terror added to modern warfare.

The *Twentieth Century*, edited by the Rev. Mr. Pentecost, has discovered that Mr. Henry George is not the true inventor of the Single Tax philosophy, but that the credit belongs to the late Patrick Edward Dove, a Scotchman, who published in 1850 a book entitled 'The Theory of Human Progression,' which contains all the leading ideas that are embraced in Mr. George's 'Progress and Poverty,' set out in much the same way. The article in the *Twentieth Century* is headed "A Collapse of Henry George's Pretensions," and is written by J. W. Sullivan. Copious extracts from Mr. Dove's book and from Mr. George's are printed, to show the similarity of views and of forms of stating them. We shall not attempt to pass judgment upon the charge of wholesale plagiarism (for that is what it amounts to) which is thus preferred against the author of 'Progress and Poverty.' It is admitted by Mr. George's accuser that his (George's) style of putting the great truths of the single tax before the world is more captivating than Mr. Dove's, and to this is attributed the fact that while Mr. George's book is to be found everywhere, Mr. Dove's is to be found only in the Astor Library and the Mercantile Library. The obvious suggestion is, that Mr. Dove's book ought to be reprinted at once and put into the Seaside Library.

One reason why Mr. Dove's book produced such barren results, we venture to say, was because there was nothing in it that was of value to the human race, for, however defective his style might be (and it does not strike us as so very bad), if it held the live coal of truth it would have made a blaze before now. The writings of the late Mr. Darwin are certainly not attractive in point of style. Except his 'Voyage of a Naturalist Round the World' (in the *Beagle*), which possesses the interest of narrative and travel, his books are extremely dry and crabbed in point of diction. He is much behind his contemporaries Wallace and Huxley in this regard. Yet Wallace and Huxley and nearly all modern naturalists have come to acknowledge him as their master, while all the world has been reading his books these twenty years despite his infelicities of style. Is it not reasonable to suppose that if there had been any sound logic in Dove's treatise—still more if it had showed how to expel poverty from the world—the world would have found it out before now, and crowned it with garlands, and adopted it as a kind of new Bible? Can we imagine anything more important than the abolishing of poverty? Next to the saving of souls, it must be accounted the most transcendent achievement that the human intellect ever has attained to or ever will. If we could tell in black and white, in any kind of diction, how that end might be gained, we should feel sure of greater literary fame than that of Shakspere, greater than that of all the poets that ever lived. And we should be sure, too, of some general recognition before the lapse of forty years.

Ex-Mayor Oakey Hall's action in bringing in London a suit for $50,000 damages against James Bryce for publishing, in his 'American Commonwealth,' a chapter on the Tweed Ring in which Hall is spoken of as a member, has caused considerable surprise to American readers of the book. The chapter was written for the book by Prof. F. J. Goodnow of Columbia College, and is a calm and moderate statement of unquestioned historical facts. In one place it speaks of Hall as a politician who "proved extremely useful to Tammany Hall," and in another it quotes Samuel J. Tilden's comment on Hall's election as Mayor, that by it the "Ring became completely organized and matured," adding: "It (the Ring) controlled the Common Council of the city and the Legislature of the State, and its nominee sat in the Gubernatorial chair; Hall was Mayor; Sweeny was City Chamberlain or Treasurer of both city and county; Tweed was practically supreme in the Street Department; Connolly was City Comptroller, and thus had charge of the city finances; the city judiciary was in sympathy with these men; and finally their control of the Tammany organization made it an extremely difficult if not an impossible thing to dislodge them from their position by opposing them at elections." Mention is also made of the fact that when Tweed had the Board of Apportionment created, Hall became a member of it, with Connolly, Tweed, and Sweeny, and that thus the "Ring obtained the entire control of the city"; and of the other equally important fact that Hall became with Connolly and Tweed the *ad-interim* "Board of Audit" which, through Watson, audited and paid

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within three months and a half $6,000,000 of claims, the greater part of which were to reimburse the Ring for its expenditures in getting the charter of Tweed in 1870 through the Legislature. Hall's reëlection is spoken of as having "strengthened" the Ring, and considerable space is devoted to the Ring's subsequent operations in getting laws through the Legislature to increase the amount of the public money which it could expend. The Big Four of that day were Tweed, Hall, Connolly, and Sweeny, and in one place Prof. Goodnow says of them: "The methods which the Ring adopted to fill the pockets of its members were various in kind and of different degrees of immorality." We believe that this is one of the grounds upon which Mr. Hall bases his demands for damages, he having always declared that none of the money went into his own pockets. That he was the fourth member of the Ring, or the "Big Four," is, of course, not to be denied; neither is it to be denied that if he had not been a faithful ally of Tweed, he would never have been put into the position.

What Mr. Hall is trying to accomplish by libel suit in London—that is, to rehabilitate his reputation—another of the Big Four, Peter B. Sweeny, is trying to accomplish here by long statements in the newspapers. He has made many of these, and the latest fills nearly six columns of Monday's *World*. Mr. Sweeny, like Mr. Hall, was acquitted in court of complicity in the Ring frauds, but both men have learned by many years of bitter experience that the court of public opinion has refused to acquit them of moral guilt in all the Ring's doings. They were Tweed's allies throughout all the Ring's transactions, and if none of the money which was taken from the city treasury could be traced into their pockets, they were the means by which millions of it went into other people's pockets, for the prosperity and glory of Tammany Hall. It is well to have the doings of the Big Four of other days recalled now, for their operations may serve to give our public a warning of what the Tammany Big Four of to-day would like to undertake provided they could get the power.

Five "bye-elections" have recently taken place in England. In two of them the Tories have lost seats they already held. In one they have increased their majority by seven. In the remaining two the Liberals have retained their seats by increased majorities. The latest defeat of the Tories in North Buckinghamshire, an agricultural and Tory county, where, under absolutely similar conditions, the figures of the last election have been reversed, has naturally spread a panic through the Liberal-Unionist ranks, and is leading some people to expect a dissolution of Parliament. But it is plain enough that the more certain the Liberal-Unionists become that they will be evicted whenever the voters get a chance at them, the more strenuously they will oppose a dissolution. They have now the certainty of sitting and legislating until 1892, and why should they relinquish it? We may be sure the Tories agree with them on this point. Besides this, Mr. Balfour is, in their opinion, trying a most important experiment in Ireland, which he says will win the Irish over to English rule within a brief period, and he must not be interrupted. But if the bye-elections continue to go in this way, "the sweets of office" will consist mainly of the salaries. These elections do not, of course, prove that the triumph of home rule is either assured or close at hand, but they effectually dispose of the notion that there is any reaction going on among the voters either favorable to the Conservatives or discouraging to the Gladstonians. They also put a stamp of positive silliness on such lucubrations as those of Judge Hughes in a late number of the *Forum*, in which he calmly assures the American public that all supporters of Gladstone palliate or connive at murder and robbery, or, in other words, that all the political wisdom and morality of the United Kingdom is lodged in the heads of one party.

The departure of Gen. Boulanger for the Island of Jersey, in order to reduce his expenses, "with a female companion," is a ludicrously characteristic exit for a French pretender of this stamp. The supplies of money are, of course, stopping, and the Royalists and Bonapartists have now no further use for him, and have formally dissolved connection with him. He still maintains that the people will call for him by and by, but he is doubtless much more occupied about his pecuniary future than about any prospective calls from the people. The probabilities still seem extremely strong that his friends will have finally to set him up, either in London or Brussels, in a café and billiard-saloon. One can see him now, without much strain on the imagination, in his shirt-sleeves, very fat and pasty-looking, leaning on his cue waiting for his stroke, or looking on over his absinthe at the games of his customers, and rolling a cigarette while he tells wondrous tales of the knaveries of the Republican Government, and of the secret demands he receives from a disgusted people to come back and turn the rascals out.

The usual annual war alarm has just been started again in Europe, but will probably subside under the influence of the Czar's visit to Berlin. It owed most of its strength to the rumor that the Czar was delaying his return visit to the German Emperor to a discourteous degree, and that, in conjunction with continued concentration of Russian troops on the German frontier, it meant trouble in the near future. It also derived some strength from the result of the French elections, because, it was said, now that a stable government has been set up in France, Russia will no longer hesitate about the alliance. But if Boulanger had succeeded, it would also have been said that, now that there was a one-man power in France, Russia would no longer hesitate. In truth, when the time comes for a war scare, every event of the day is made to support it. The most serious feature of the situation is, however, the undoubted fact that Bismarck is failing physically, and evidently no longer exercises his old influence at the court. The Emperor has apparently emancipated himself pretty thoroughly from tutelage of all sorts, and, though cultivating friendly relations with the other Powers, is evidently full of fight, and is said to have Frederick the Great on the brain. Some little sensation has been infused into the matter by an article in the *Contemporary Review*, attributed to Mr. Gladstone, in which he strongly condemns any participation of either England or Italy in the pending dispute between Germany and Austria on the one hand, and France and Russia on the other; but it contains nothing else of moment.

In so far as any European "war cloud" can be said to exist, it lies over the eastern Turkish frontier in Asia Minor, where the Armenian Christians are being harried unmercifully by the Mussulman Kurds, with the connivance of the Turkish officials. The Armenians have appealed in bitter terms to the Powers, and have sent a deputation to tell the story of their wrongs in the various European capitals. The wrongs are the usual wrongs of Christians living under Turkish rule—murder, robbery, and the abduction of women. Of course this is making a good deal of impression everywhere, and Gladstone has taken up the Armenian cause in London with some of his old fire; but it makes nowhere so much impression as in Russia, and accordingly we hear that there are large bodies of Russian troops cantoned on the Armenian frontier, who, it is said, may any day march across and occupy the country in the interest of humanity. This for the Armenians is not altogether a pleasant prospect. They dislike, of course, being robbed and murdered and having their women carried off, but they have always cherished the hope of seeing the old Armenian kingdom revived on the break-up of the Turkish Empire. Help from Russia would undoubtedly mean annexation and the complete extinction of their political hopes. Consequently, they are half prepared to bear with a little more violence if it will end in bringing them under the direct protection of England and Germany.

One of the incidents of the banquet given to the Czar by Emperor William in Berlin last week will undoubtedly strengthen the war scare. When the Czar's health was proposed by the Emperor, in German, which the Czar speaks fluently, and had been speaking through the dinner, he responded briefly and drily in French, a language now tabooed at the German Court. That this was done intentionally there does not seem to be any doubt. Its object was, of course, to show that he was still dissatisfied with Germany, and that France was his best friend. That such little freaks of one man should have immense political importance in our day seems odd enough, but immense importance they will have as long as there are men whose individual word can put a million of soldiers in motion.

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SUCCESSFUL BALLOT LAWS.

WITHIN the past few weeks elections have been held under three different ballot-reform laws, in Montana, in Chattanooga, Tenn., and in Connecticut, and in each instance the law has worked smoothly and with entire success. The Montana test was the most thorough because the law of that new State is a complete application of the Australian system in its most essential principles—that is, in requiring secret voting by the use of exclusively official ballots. Under this law, which has all the "complications" that have so alarmed the opponents of the Australian method, the Montana election proceeded without difficulty, with no annoying friction, and with unusual rapidity, as the apprehension of possible delay in voting caused all the party leaders and workers to urge everybody to go to the polls early. It was the unanimous verdict from all parts of the State, after the election, that the law had worked well; and though the result was close and doubtful for several days, no complaints of irregularity or of unfairness in the result because of complexity have been heard.

In the discussions concerning the Australian system, a great deal has been said about the illiterate voter, and about the best method of providing him assistance in marking his ballot. In the Tennessee law, and in the Kentucky law—which applies only to the city of Louisville—no provision whatever is made in regard to illiterates, and the courts of those States have declared the laws unconstitutional in that respect, the failure really amounting to the fixing of an educational qualification. The Montana law prescribes that a voter who is unable to read "shall, upon request, receive the assistance of one or two of the election officers in marking his ballot, and such officer or officers shall certify on the outside thereof that it was so marked with his or their assistance, and shall thereafter give no information regarding the same." The election judges are given discretion as to whether a professing illiterate shall be put under oath as to his illiteracy. The party workers in Montana hit upon an ingenious device for helping the illiterate voter and at the same time gaining a knowledge of how he had voted. They provided him with a card having upon the top the printed words: "I want to vote for all the candidates on this card." He presented this to the election officers, who required him to sign it, after which they marked his ballot as requested. This is a clear violation of the spirit of the law, since it completely destroys the secrecy of the ballot, and it is doubtful if it could stand the test of legality in court. It enables the voter to have assistance outside the polling-place in marking his ballot, whereas the intention of the law is that he shall get that assistance only on the inside, and from officers who are sworn not to reveal the nature of his ballot. Any corrupt voter by professing illiteracy could in this way keep faith with his corrupter, and could furnish evidence that he had done so in the signed card. The device shows the ingenuity which the working politicians everywhere will employ to defeat the law. It is never likely to be a very serious evil, as few voters are willing to make profession of illiteracy, pride restraining most men from such an exhibition.

The trial of the Tennessee law in Chattanooga was in many respects similar to that in Montana, for, with the exception of no provision for illiterates, the Tennessee statute is in all essential particulars much like that of Montana. It has been declared unconstitutional by a local court of Knoxville, and an appeal has been taken to the higher courts. It was decided by the judicial authorities in Chattanooga that, pending this appeal, the law was in force, and on this decision it had its first trial in the municipal election. The general verdict was that the election was one of the quietest and smoothest ever held in the city, with little or no attempt at illegal voting or intimidation, and entirely satisfactory results.

The trial in Connecticut must be considered from a different point of view. It will be remembered that a carefully drawn law, embodying the approved principles of the Australian system, was passed by the Legislature of that State last winter and was vetoed by the Governor. A new law, hastily patched up in caucus, and never considered deliberately in either house, was subsequently enacted and approved by the Governor. We said of it at the time of its passage, that it was "in no sense an application of the Australian system"; that it provided for a secret ballot, and forbade ticket-peddlers to approach within one hundred feet of the polls, and that these were "important advances in the direction of honest elections." Its provisions in regard to the furnishing of ballots were always looked upon by ballot-reformers as the weak point in the law. They simply require that the State shall furnish the official paper for the ballots, and allow the political organizations to print and distribute them. The State is also required to furnish official envelopes into which the voter may put his ballots before depositing them. Almost the only features taken from the Australian system are the use of booths in the polling-places and the exclusion of ticket-peddlers and workers from about the polls. In practical use on Monday week these two provisions accomplished the most satisfactory results. Indeed, all the benefits which the new law bestowed can be traced to them. The envelope provision opens the door for the familiar "Tasmanian dodge," and other devices, by which a dishonest voter can take into the polling-place a ballot prepared and sealed for him outside, and, obtaining another envelope inside, may bring that out as proof that he has deposited the first one. With an exclusive official ballot, there would be no need of an envelope, which is a clumsy device and a needless element of perplexity to the voter.

The great gain of the Connecticut experiment is the showing it has made of the really simple working of two important features of the Australian system. The contention that the average American elector is too dull to be able to vote under a system which the Australian, Canadian, and English electors have had no trouble in understanding, is, like all the other objections to that system, founded upon error.

THE TWO-PRESIDENTS SYSTEM.

ONE of the first questions which arose in the convention that framed the Constitution of the United States was, whether the national Executive should consist of a single person, or of two or three. There was a sharp division and an animated discussion. James Wilson of Pennsylvania and Charles Pinckney of South Carolina led off with advocacy of a single person. Roger Sherman of Connecticut took the other side. "The Legislature," he said, "are the best judges of the business to be done by the Executive, and should be at liberty, from time to time, to appoint one or more, as experience may dictate." Edmund Randolph of Virginia sustained this view, holding that unity in the Executive would lead ultimately to monarchy, and that "the requisites for the Executive department—vigor, despatch, and responsibility—can be found in three men as well as in one." Madison calmed the excitement by proposing that, before choosing between unity and plurality in the Executive, the Convention fix the extent of the authority which should be intrusted to that department of the Government; and, after this had been done, the Convention readily agreed that this authority should be wielded by one person, to be called the President.

Hamilton, in the *Federalist*, marshalled the arguments which sustained this conclusion. Premising that "all men of sense will agree in the necessity of an energetic Executive," he ranked unity as first and most important among the ingredients which constitute such energy. "Decision, activity, secrecy, and despatch," he said, "will generally characterize the proceedings of one man in a much more eminent degree than the proceedings of any greater number." He showed that the experience of other nations, so far as it cast any light upon the subject, "teaches us not to be enamoured of plurality in the Executive. We have seen that the Achæans, on an experiment of two Prætors, were induced to abolish one. The Roman history records many instances of mischiefs to the Republic from the dissensions between the consuls, and between the military tribunes who were at times substituted for the consuls. But it gives us no specimens of any peculiar advantages derived to the State from the circumstance of the plurality of those magistrates." Considering the question purely in accordance with "the dictates of reason and good sense," Hamilton discovered much greater cause to reject than to approve the idea of plurality in the Executive, saying on this point:

> "Wherever two or more persons are engaged in any common enterprise or pursuit, there is always danger of difference of opinion. If it be a public trust or office in which they are clothed with equal dignity and authority, there is peculiar danger of personal emulation and even animosity. From either, and especially from all these causes, the most bitter dissensions are apt to spring. Whenever these happen, they lessen the respectability, weaken

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the authority, and distract the plans and operation of those whom they divide. If they should, unfortunately, assail the supreme executive magistracy of a country, consisting of a plurality of persons, they might impede or frustrate the most important measures of the Government in the most critical emergencies of the State."

During the past month, for the first time in the history of the Government, the country has had an exhibition of how plurality in the Executive really works. It is now the 12th of October. On the 12th of September, Tanner resigned the office of Commissioner of Pensions, and Benjamin Harrison, the Executive at Washington, who is Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, accepted the resignation, "to take effect on the appointment and qualification of your successor." The successor has not yet been appointed, and the sole reason is because Russell A. Alger, the Executive at Detroit, who is Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, has differed in opinion from the Washington Executive as to the merits of the various candidates for the vacancy who have been suggested, and as to the policy on which the Bureau shall be conducted. Immediately upon Tanner's resignation it was agreed by the Republican organs that, in the words of the Boston *Advertiser*, "it now remains for the President [at Washington] to appoint some other member of the Grand Army." A few days later it was announced by that good Republican organ the New York *Press*, that the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States wished to appoint Gen. George S. Merrill of Massachusetts, but that, as an essential preliminary, "the General has been asked to secure certain G. A. R. endorsements." On the following day it was announced by the same excellent authority that the "reason why the President has hesitated to appoint Gen. Merrill is that he has as yet failed to procure the endorsement of Gen. R. A. Alger, the Commander-in-Chief of the G. A. R." A week or two ago the Washington correspondent of the Indianapolis *Journal*, the Washington President's home organ, reported that "the appointment of a Pension Commissioner seems as far away now as it has at any time since the resignation of Corporal Tanner was received," and explained that the difficulty was to find a man who will "meet the approval of Gen. Alger and the Grand Army." The correspondent declared that "the only reason for not appointing Judge Rea of Minnesota was the objection of Gen. Alger," and explained that the Detroit Executive insisted upon "a man for the Pension Bureau more like Tanner than Judge Rea, or who will at least carry out Tanner's policy."

One month's trial of this two-Presidents system has fully vindicated all the arguments of the *Federalist* against it. It has proved, as Hamilton expected, fatal to the "decision, activity, secrecy, and despatch" so essential in an Executive. That "danger of difference of opinion" which he apprehended has been realized. The effect has been, as he anticipated, to "lessen the respectability" and "weaken the authority" of the Washington Executive certainly—however it may be with the President at Detroit. Worst of all, these dissensions between the two Presidents "impede the most important measures of the Government"; a bureau which controls the expenditure of $80,000,000 a year being left to run at haphazard for weeks, while the Washington and Detroit Executives try to agree upon the policy on which it shall be conducted in future and the commissioner who shall carry out that policy.

One such experiment should suffice for all time. Heretofore the American people have had only the warnings of statesmen to deter them from trying the plan of having a President at Washington who would divide his authority with another Executive somewhere else in the country. A month's working of the Harrison-Alger system should make for ever impossible the choice of any man to sit in the White House who will not himself be the sole President.

A PRELIMINARY BLUNDER.

WE have given little credence to the reports of discontent with the choice of Mr. Blaine as President of the Pan-American Congress on the part of some of the South American delegations; but there are some other particulars in which the management of the Congress has thus far been decidedly unhappy. One of these is the prominence given to Mr. W. E. Curtis, at present assigned by the State Department to take charge of the delegates while upon their travels, and to be hereafter, so it is said, made one of the secretaries of the Congress. His appearance in these functions might properly be taken by the South Americans as a direct affront to them, did they not stop to reflect, as they probably do, that the State Department is thus pushing him forward in innocent ignorance of his serious disqualifications.

Mr. Curtis was appointed Secretary to the South American Commission of 1885, on the ground, so it was understood at the time, of the enthusiastic despatches in favor of President Arthur's renomination which he sent from Washington to the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*. Afterwards, when two of the Commissioners fell by the way, he was made Commissioner, and as such figures in the final report made to the Secretary of State. Mr. Blaine is therefore displaying considerable magnanimity in taking up with this old political antagonist—if a Washington correspondent deserves to be so called—but is showing at the same time an unfortunate lack of acquaintance with the views of South Americans about the man he is favoring in this way. They had no occasion for feelings other than those of amusement at the performances of Mr. Curtis as a Commissioner, but when he turned author, as in an evil hour he did, he became to them most distinctly a *persona non grata*. His book, 'The Capitals of Spanish America,' is an offence in their nostrils. A recent magazine article of his aroused the indignation of the ex-Minister of Colombia to the United States, as was made clear in the letter which that gentleman sent to us on the subject; but it is his book which excites the greatest ire. As an historical work, it was merely absurd; but as a book of travels, as a record of observations, it was so ignorantly contemptuous of the people and governments of South America, so coarsely intolerant in referring to their dominant religion, so outrageously personal in retailing gossip and scandal, as permanently to disqualify its author for having any dealings whatever with a people so punctiliously courteous as the South Americans of the educated classes. That this is not simply our assertion is seen from the fact that a distinguished South American, whom we are not at liberty to identify except by saying that he is an accomplished scholar and statesman, has just published in a Spanish paper of this city a series of scorching articles about this very book, under the title, "How We are Treated by Those who Desire Our Patronage."

As we have already said, the prominence given Mr. Curtis doubtless springs from the best intentions on Mr. Blaine's part. Here was an ex-commissioner, a writer of a large book on South America, an expert, it would seem—the very man for the place. But the fact is that many of the South Americans look upon him as a man who has heaped gratuitous insults upon their people. They probably understand that his appointment is not really meant as a slap in their faces, though it might look like it; for they have learned to make great allowances for the serene ignorance of South American ideas displayed by many of our public men—an ignorance well instanced, by the way, in the glowing eulogies of his book which Mr. Curtis secured from United States Senators and other high functionaries. But it is to be hoped that their patience will be tested only during the period of their travels, and that some one having Mr. Blaine's ear will advise him of the indelicacy of making such a man a Secretary of the Congress.

Of the trip itself, under Mr. Curtis's conduct, it may be said that its planning showed other motives than delicate consideration for the nation's guests. Most of them are men of mature years, for whom six weeks of life in railroad cars, in a changeable climate, is not exactly a luxury. Besides, there is in the thing almost an implication against their intelligence—as if it would be a good thing to treat them as the Government used to treat the Sioux chiefs Red Cloud and Crazy Horse—take them to Washington, show them the sights, and so impress them with Uncle Sam's power that they would see no hope in opposing him. These delegates are travelled gentlemen, who are not easily awe-stricken. They have seen the finest workshops of Europe; they are already acquainted with the immense ingenuity with which American manufacturers have prepared themselves to supply the demands of a foreign trade which they declare they don't want, and so they will probably more and more relinquish the advantages of this educational journey to their private secretaries, who appear to be enjoying it to the full.

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FAME AND NOTORIETY.

FRANCES POWER COBBE has an interesting article in the last *Forum* on the decline of a desire for fame, and the corresponding rise in the love of notoriety, as a human motive. She says that "among the vast changes which have passed over the civilized world within the memory of living men, one comparatively insignificant has hitherto escaped observation: it is the disestablishment of fame." After giving some illustrations or proofs of this, she adds:

> "Such a change in the common estimate of a once universally applauded passion is, of itself, noteworthy. It becomes still more singular when we find, growing up in the vacant place, a bastard-brother sentiment, the love of notoriety, and observe that though no man yet openly avows harboring this last in his breast, multitudes are credited with it both by friends and foes, and not thought much the worse of in consequence. To confess to the ambition for fame would be to fall into mock-heroics and bathos and become the mark of satire. To betray the love of notoriety may be slightly vulgar, but readily passes muster as a rather amiable weakness by no means ridiculous, but, on the contrary, possessing many advantages, political and commercial."

She then describes notoriety at some length, and dwells with much emphasis on the fondness of Americans for it as compared with the English dislike. She contrasts the English love of privacy with what she alleges is the American love of publicity, of course greatly to the disadvantage of the former.

But she has not apparently got at the philosophy of the matter, which is, after all, simple enough. Fame is essentially an aristocratic motive. It is in its very nature something which can only be reached by the few. It is, in the sense in which the word has always been used since it left the Latin, something to be won by some sort of high endeavor, great achievements in war, or in literature, or science, or art, or politics. It is, in short, something which only a very small portion indeed of any one generation can attain. But for this very reason, perhaps, it is something which even the noblest natures allow themselves to think enviable. It was the heathen Themistocles who said "the trophy of Miltiades would not let him sleep," but the best Christian in our day feels no hesitation in wishing that the greatness he admires in his brother man had only come his way. Still, we all sorrowfully acknowledge that greatness is the fortune, and must always be the fortune, of the few. Every one cannot go to Corinth. Fame is not and cannot be for the mass of mankind. Until our day, when ordinary men saw the battles, sieges, and fortunes by which it was won, they resigned themselves to obscurity, so that famous men of necessity constituted a sort of aristocracy—an aristocracy of the best sort, to be sure, one that must always form the upper house in the parliament of man, but still an aristocracy.

Now, democracy finds it hard to bear with an aristocracy of any kind, and it finds it harder still to see any of the delights of life confined to one small class. A democracy likes to have all sweet things widely diffused. It is hostile to all monopolies, even the monopoly of greatness. It acknowledges that it is only the few who can be great, but it saw very early in its history that that element in fame which consists in being widely known was capable of being enjoyed by great numbers through other channels than those of heroic effort. For fame men have to

> "Scorn delights and live laborious days,"

but for notoriety they need only do odd jobs. The means of reaching this supreme democratic pleasure of being taken out of the crowd and made conspicuous was at last furnished by the newspapers, and the multitude has rushed on it hungry and thirsty. From this has come that sudden rise of notoriety which puzzles Miss Cobbe. It is fame diluted, cheapened, and made accessible to the million, or at all events the hundred thousand. Very few indeed feel themselves capable of great deeds with either sword or pen, or ever expect the opportunity to perform them; but there is nobody who does not feel notoriety to be within his reach—that is, does not feel that, with a very small expenditure of effort, he may become the talk of the town, or of the State, or even of the Union. Every newspaper office is to the lover of notoriety what the cheap-clothing store is to the poorly clad man. He cannot get silken doublet and hose in it, and fit himself out to play the gallant in fashionable society, but he can get what will enable him to cut a very decent figure in the streets and hotels.

Before newspapers, notoriety was hardly to be had without the commission of some atrocious crime. But it can now be had by jumping off a bridge, marrying a woman of the town, buying a large house, eating thirty quails in thirty successive days, keeping a fast trotter, writing an erotic book, fighting a duel, owning forty pairs of trousers, editing a silly or indecent newspaper, giving a large donation to a campaign fund, sending clergymen to Europe, walking a hundred miles in twenty-four hours, knocking a man out in two rounds, preaching sensational sermons, denying the rotundity of the earth, and so on. It is the modern newspaper which has diffused this great happiness among the multitude. Without it we should have to jog on without anything more picturesque than great soldiers, scholars, statesmen, and artists. By the aid of the newspaper our streets swarm with men who have that one note of fame which consists in being recognized and talked about, and which has probably been productive of far more quiet pleasure than fame ever was. Any journalistic "Stroller" or "Lounger," as he "walks down Broadway," sees more notorious men in one hour than probably existed in the whole of Europe a century ago—meaning by that, men who have made their way out of the crowd, are individualized, and now pass for "somebody," and bask in the sunshine of publicity. The notorious man is not always an admirable person. In fact, he is apt to be a very odious person in nine cases out of ten. But there is nothing mysterious about him. The sudden multiplication of him may be one of the "vast changes" of the modern world, but it is not an inscrutable one. He has come in with steam, and we fear, to use the slang phrase, "has come to stay." Every newspaper breeds him in great numbers, and he in his turn has done much to produce "the great editor" who distributes notoriety from his sanctum. For one of the differences between Fame and Notoriety is that Fame can only be obtained wholesale, in great quantities, while Notoriety can be had at retail, and, in fact, is peddled, and the man who can peddle it out is necessarily a great personage to the multitude who stand waiting with their pails and bags. He can inflict on them the keenest suffering by erasing their names, or "ordering them out of the paper" (in the technical phrase) from the lists of guests at rich men's houses, of occupants of the platform at meetings and lectures, of mourners at funerals, of friends at weddings and receptions, and of spectators at races. And it is a suffering for which there is no remedy. The injured man cannot go to him and say, "'Sdeath and fury, sir! what do you mean by not printing my name among the guests at the Smith dinner or the pall-bearers at the Jones funeral?" He has to bear his obscurity in silence, to smile a ghastly smile, and affect a peace which no lover of notoriety ever knows.

The subject is an interesting and broad one. Miss Cobbe has only touched its surface, and, in fact, has apparently only taken it up for the purpose of making an odious comparison between English and American manners. We trust some one will shortly treat it with a firmer touch and deeper insight.

WASHINGTON'S PEDIGREE AT LAST.

"ANGEL OF DEATH, there will the man be found," says Solomon, in Leigh Hunt's tale of "The Inevitable." With a like unerring finger, our countryman, Mr. Henry F. Waters, engaged for some six years in genealogic research in England, has pointed out the transatlantic haunts and relationships of John Harvard and of Roger Williams; and now, on the hundredth anniversary of Washington's assuming the Presidency, he eclipses all other centennial commemorations by fixing the descent of the Father of his Country for ten generations.

We anticipate, by courteous permission, the delayed publication of the particulars of this discovery in the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register* for October, and in a reprint bearing the title 'An Examination of the English Ancestry of George Washington, setting forth the evidence to connect him with the Washingtons of Sulgrave and Brington, by Henry F. Waters, A.M.' This connection had been conjectured as far back as 1791 by Sir Isaac Heard, Garter King of Arms, guided by the Heraldic Visitations of Northamptonshire, in which he found a John and Lawrence Washington, whom he provisionally identified with the brothers, emigrants to Virginia about 1657, known to be the immediate ancestors of George Washington. But Mr. Waters's great predecessor, Col. Joseph L. Chester, produced evidence which effectually disproved this theory, and which left the question an open one.

"At first," says Mr. Waters, "I gleaned over the whole field for Washingtons," or, in other words, over at least nineteen counties in which they were met with. The field was quickly narrowed, however, by his ascertaining that though Lawrence Washington died in Virginia, letters of administration were granted in England on May 30, 1677, he being described therein as formerly of Luton in Bedfordshire

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("Laurentii Washington nuper de Luton in Comitatu Bedford sed apud Virginiam in partibus transmarinis decedentis"). For four years Mr. Waters accordingly kept his eye on the little tongue of Bedfordshire in which Luton is situated, and on the adjacent Hertfordshire which it invades, scrutinizing every will which proceeded from that quarter. The next clue he owed to the kindness of a friend, and it took the shape of a bond, formerly in the Hitchin Registry of the Archdeaconry of Huntingdon. By this instrument, dated Jan. 29, 1649-50, John Dagnall, of Grove, in the parish of Tring, in co. Herts, Yeoman, and William Roades of Middle Claydon, in co. Bucks, Gent., were held in a thousand pounds for the proper administration of the goods, etc., of Andrew Knowling, of Tring, Gent., lately deceased, and as guardians of "Lawrence Washington, the younger," during his minority, he being then fourteen years of age. The parish of Tring is about a dozen miles westward from Luton, and about midway on the direct line from London to Northampton, as also on an east-and-west line from Oxford to Hertford. It was probably the early home of the Virginian emigrant.

Mr. Waters now took up the pursuit with energy, and with the sureness of instinct for which he is remarkable. He first sought the will of Andrew Knowling, annexed to the bond, and dated January 13, 1649-50. This contained a considerable bequest of lands and tenements in Tring and elsewhere to his godson, Lawrence Washington, and sundry bequests to the lad's mother, Amphillis Washington, Knowling's "daughter-in-lawe," or, as we should say, step-daughter, he having married her widowed mother, Mistress Roades. Mention of other persons in the same relation, William Roades, Elizabeth Fitzherbert, and Susan Billing, furnished so many fresh scents to Mr. Waters, who was still further cheered by the naming of four other children of Amphillis, headed by *John*, the needful complement to Lawrence.

A visit to Tring was next in order, whose vicar was most ready to assist the American investigator; and here the "Regester Booke" beginning with 1634, and bought by "Maister Andreu Knolinge" and other churchwardens, revealed the baptism on June 23, 1635, of Lawrence Washington as well as of a younger brother and sister, children all of "Mr. Larrance Washenton" (to choose one of the three forms in which the name is recorded). The father's Christian name was a foregone conclusion from the expression in Knowling's will with reference to his son Lawrence ("the younger"), which also intimated that the father was still living in 1649. The Tring Register further noted the burial of "Mrs. Washington," in January, 1654 55, and Mr. Waters's search for the letters of administration was rewarded by finding that they were taken out on February 8, 1655, by her son John, who was thus shown to be her eldest and at least twenty-one years of age, while it equally followed that the father was already dead.

But who was the father? Did his being styled "Mr." mean that he was a clergyman; and was he "that parson of Purleigh about whom," says Mr. Waters, "I have for years had the suspicion that, if he could only be hunted down, we might possibly be able to dispel the mystery enveloping the lineage of Washington"? He resolved to examine with the utmost care everything connected with the probate of Andrew Knowling's will, and it was in the course of his opening a bond made by John Dagnall as guardian of the children of his wife's sister, Susan Billing, deceased, that—but we must give the explorer's own words:

"I then saw a little bit of paper, doubled or folded upon itself, which upon opening seemed about three inches long and from an inch and a half to two inches wide, and covered with writing. Seeing, at a glance, that it was evidently an official memorandum of the issuing of the letters of guardianship and of the oath taken by Mr. Dagnall for the faithful performance of his trust, I did not read it through, but at once set about copying it in full, little realizing the start of surprise and gratification I should experience when I should come to the end of what proved to be the most valuable and important bit of genealogical evidence that I ever saw, or ever expect to see, in the course of my gleanings."

The memorandum, in Latin, was signed by "Laurentio Washington," A.M. and temporary surrogate in the Archdeacon's Court at Whethampsted, therefore in all probability a clergyman, and concerned in the proceedings because of his wife's and especially his son Lawrence's heavy interest in Andrew Knowling's will. The only known Lawrence Washington who was at once a clergyman and a Master of Arts was the "son of Lawrence Washington of Sulgrave, brother of Sir William Washington of Packington, and of Sir John Washington of Thrapston. He was student, Lector, and Fellow of Brasenose, and in 1631 Proctor of the University of Oxford, and afterwards Rector of Purleigh. The long search after the true line of ancestry of our Washington, begun in 1791, was practically brought to a successful close when that little paper was discovered on Monday, the 3d of June, 1889."

Let it not be supposed, however, that Mr. Waters's inquest stopped here, for a postscript shows that even on the 19th of last month he visited Middle Claydon with good results. Still less let it be assumed that we have half exhibited the strength of his argument, for his mode of procedure, by establishing collateral relations, ends, as in the case of Roger Williams, in a moral certainty even when some links of demonstration remain to be unearthed. As Mr. W. H. Whitmore, who annotates his brother genealogist, observes, "we lack *positive* proof" to identify the Lawrence baptized at Tring in 1635 with the emigrant; and we are not *absolutely* certain that the father was the Rector of Purleigh. Our English cousins should now take up the parable. Mr. Waters spreads before us a great mass of information concerning the Royalist connections of the Washingtons; Henry Washington, nephew of the Rector of Purleigh, having been a colonel in the Royalist army and Governor of Worcester in the civil war. The Rector himself was classed among "Scandalous, Malignant Priests," in a publication having the imprimatur of Parliament in 1643, and was deprived of his living as "a common frequenter of Alehouses, not onely himselfe sitting dayly tippling there, but also incouraging others in that beastly vice, and hath been oft drunk." But from this Puritan libel on the diversions of Purleigh he was vindicated the next year by a writer who reported that he "was a Loyal Person, and had one of the best Benefices in these Parts; and this was the Only cause of his Expulsion, as I verily believe"—much in keeping with our partisan dismissals from the civil service. At all events, this Rev. Lawrence Washington was the son of Lawrence of Sulgrave, who died in 1616, and whom Sir Isaac Heard rightly guessed to be an ancestor of George Washington, though he dropped a generation in so doing; whose memorial stone in facsimile was presented by Charles Sumner in 1861 to the State of Massachusetts, and may be seen in the State-House in Boston, beside Chantrey's statue of the first President of the United States. The printed pedigree accompanying Mr. Waters's essay takes us back to John Washington of Whitfield, County Lancaster, at a date not determined; and it was John Washington of the emigrant brothers who, through Lawrence (died 1697) and Augustine (died 1743), grafted upon the Royalist stock the arch-rebel of the American Revolution.

Our readers have now some idea of the brilliant achievement which adds a new laurel, and the brightest, to Mr. Waters's wreath. While life and strength hold out, and a generous support is not withheld, we may be confident that he will again and yet again signalize his laborious devotions with discoveries precious for the people of the whole country, if not *so* precious; and valuable, too, in cementing that only genuine "imperial federation" of peace and good-will which Anglo-Saxon blood has provided for the whole English-speaking race.

SANTA CATALINA ISLAND.—I.

PORTLAND, Ore., September, 1889.

EASTERN people have no idea how fast things grow in California. Everybody, of course, has heard the story of the farmer who in the morning planted watermelon seeds in his field, and in the evening found that the vine had grown to his kitchen door and deposited a ripe melon on the steps. But this is nothing compared with the way in which the cities grow. Thus, on page 216 of Drs. Lindley and Widney's valuable work on 'California of the South,' we read of "San Diego's fifteen thousand inhabitants," while on page 218 (and it surely cannot have taken more than a day or two to write these two pages), they say that "San Diego is growing with most wonderful rapidity. Its population is doubtless twenty-five thousand." Most wonderful, indeed! San Diego did seem quite a lively place last April, although this may have been partly attributable to its being the headquarters of the miners going to the Santa Clara mines in Lower California. 'Tis an ill wind, etc., and the losses of these duped miners were the gain of the San Diego merchants, who sold almost a hundred-thousand dollars' worth of victuals and tools to the gold-hunters. The temptation to follow the latter and get a glimpse of a genuine California mining-camp was great; but on hearing of the hardships to be endured, of the two hundred dollars duty laid by the Mexican Government on a single wagon and team crossing the border, and the taxes on provisions equal to their full value, which raised the cost of food in camp to prices considered fabulous even by miners accustomed to starvation prices—not to mention the tropical rains just then prevalent, which made tenting an invitation to catarrh, rheumatism, and pneumonia—I concluded to move northward sixty miles or so, and spend a few weeks instead on Catalina Island.

Before leaving the Coronado I had an opportunity to note a curious way of settling urban questions in California. It had long been in dispute whether or not Coronado Beach belonged to San Diego, so it was determined to settle the matter on election day. There being a law that no liquor may be sold in San Diego on an election day, the barkeeper at the Coronado Hotel was instructed to keep open, for which he was promptly arrested. This was to compel the courts to decide the question at issue. What the decision was I do not know, as I left the next morning. Retracing my steps as far as Oceanside, I took the California Central direct back to Los Angeles. This road

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continues to skirt the ocean as far as San-Juan-by-the-Sea (a few miles from the famous San Juan Capistrano mission), where the tourist bids good-bye to the Pacific, not to see it again till he reaches San Francisco, unless he takes a branch road to one of the numerous seaside resorts of Los Angeles or to Santa Barbara.

San-Juan-by-the-Sea was called by Dana, in his 'Two Years before the Mast,' "the only romantic spot in California," which is probably the most absurd statement regarding California that has ever got into print. But it certainly is one of the most charming points on the coast for those who love solitude, and every tourist ought to stop over at least between two trains and see it. If they decide to spend the night at the "hotel," I wish them better luck than befell me. Early in the morning, having paid the (really) big sum of one dollar for supper, lodging, and breakfast, I went down to the beach, about half a mile from the station, across an immense field of wild mustard, buried completely in a sea of fragrant yellow flowers waving over my head, and then had to cross a lively little creek on a narrow plank—a creek which enjoys the satisfaction, rare in this region, of reaching the ocean without being tapped, or absorbed by the thirsty sun. The view from its mouth contrasts delightfully with the uninterrupted, flat sandy beach all the way up from San Diego. A high, precipitous rocky shore rises abruptly, and presents itself as a bulwark against the restless waves. It leads up to hills from which fine views may be enjoyed, and which give room for daily varied rambles which one misses so much at a flat place like Coronado Beach. As there is a fine beach a short distance below, it would be a splendid place for a hotel, and is already much frequented in midsummer by campers. When I was there, a deserted hut was the only visible evidence of human agency, and the solitude was emphasized by four monstrous pelicans sitting motionless and majestic on an isolated rock half a mile at sea. Below the precipice, where the waves in low water tumble gently over the rocky débris jutting far out into the sea, may be found quantities of shells, not dead and deserted specimens lying bleaching on the beach, but shells and cockles alive and wide awake, and moving about like little pagodas with wheels and clockwork. On the way back to the station I cut off one of the tallest mustard plants—bushes they might well be called, so thick and tough are the stems at the base—and asked the station master how high he thought it was. He measured it and found it eleven feet in height! Then for the first time I felt convinced that the narrative of an Anaheimer who told me how, thirty years ago, he once got lost *on horseback* in a wild-mustard field on the fertile soil near where Fullerton now stands, was not a "California story." To-day many of these fields of wild mustard are mowed down, yielding a crop which is the more profitable as there are no expenses for ploughing and sowing. I cannot see why there should not also be money in the castor bean, which, elsewhere cultivated in gardens as an ornamental shrub, is here a weedy nuisance hard to exterminate when it once gains a foothold. I have seen it grow as high as a second-story window in Los Angeles, side by side with a fuchsia *tree*, so to speak, still higher; while roses often cover a whole house, roof and all, and would aspire to the moon if there were a connecting link.

To reach Catalina Island we take the train at Los Angeles for its old harbor town, San Pedro, whence a steamer makes trips to the island three times a week. San Pedro is considered good fishing ground, has numerous duck ponds in the vicinity, and appears to be the headquarters of all the sea-gulls on the Pacific, the beach being completely fringed by them at times. The chief article of import seems to be timber, the wharves being covered with acres of boards and planks, brought from Humboldt County and from Oregon and Puget Sound. A part of the town lies in a hollow which forms a complete kettle and must be an ideal breeding place for typhoid fever. Hotel accommodations are very primitive, but the Southern Pacific is completing a hotel near the light-house, where the sea breeze can never fail. The little steamer *Hermosa*, specially built for the traffic between San Pedro and Catalina, is new and comfortable, but has the great fault of rolling on the slightest provocation. However, the distance is but twenty miles, so that even those inclined to sea-sickness need not dread the passage. Santa Catalina Island is the second in size and the most interesting of the large number of islands which lie along the coast of California, beginning with the Coronado group, just below San Diego, and ending with Santa Cruz and Santa Rosa, off Santa Barbara. As it is the only one which has steam connection with the mainland, it has for many years been visited every summer by thousands of campers, and the hotel erected there lately has added to its popularity, although for sanitary and scenic reasons the site chosen for it is not the best that could have been found. The island is visible from the mainland all along Los Angeles County, even far in the interior, as it has mountains which rise to a height of about three thousand feet. Indeed, as the boat approaches, we see that it consists entirely of mountains, being a sort of floating Highlands, like a section of the Coast Range rising abruptly out of the ocean, without any gradual slopes or foothills; presenting a solid front of perpendicular rocks except in a few places where the wall is broken by a little cove or harbor, with a pebbly beach, as at Avalon, where the hotel stands. A study of the map of Southern California leaves no doubt in the mind that these islands at one time actually did form a part of the Coast Range, being connected with each other and constituting a peninsula extending from Point Conception to below Coronado, with a wide channel or sound between (like that which now extends for about a thousand miles from Olympia to Sitka), and navigated by the Pineugnas Indians, who in the time of the early Spanish voyagers inhabited Catalina Island, and were noted for their fine physique and skill in shipbuilding. Though they are now widely separated and scattered, these Channel Islands continue to affect the climate of Southern California by breaking the force of the wild Pacific waves and winds.

This fact can be vividly realized by climbing the hills on Catalina till the Pacific is sighted, dashing its huge billows against the naked rocks that rise perpendicularly to 2,000 feet or more above it, the home of eagles who build their nests in these inaccessible heights—monstrous birds, measuring sometimes twelve feet from wing to wing. In striking contrast to this turbulence on the west side is the calm of the eastern side, which is hardly ever disturbed, even in stormy weather. Here the campers and hotel guests bathe in the bay every day in the year, the temperature of the sea water in August being about 66°, and only four degrees lower in midwinter, while in Rhode Island, for example, the difference between midwinter and midsummer temperature is about thirty-five degrees! The Kuro Siwo, or Japan current, three to four hundred miles in width, which is deflected by the Aleutian Islands southward along the coast of Washington and Oregon, becomes so far cooled off by the time it reaches San Francisco as to make sea bathing in that neighborhood unpleasant even in summer. But this current is deflected by Point Conception; and between the Channel Islands and the mainland south of this cape there is a return ocean current from the south, which partly accounts for the higher temperature of the water at Catalina, as well as along the main shore of Southern California.

The temperature of the air on Catalina Island hardly ever rises above 85°, and, thanks to the twenty miles of water which separate it from the main land, it is never visited by the hot, parching desert winds. Yet, though thus surrounded by a vaporous sea, fog is almost unknown, being shut out by the mountains, and, what is stranger still, the air is said to be drier than on shore. With such conditions and with constant sea-breezes and an immunity from dust as complete as on shipboard, it is no wonder that Catalina is beginning to be looked upon as standing to Southern California in the same relation as Southern California does towards other States. I met several invalids afflicted with rheumatic or lung troubles who had failed to find relief at Los Angeles or Santa Barbara, but found it at once on Catalina Island; and convalescents make more rapid recovery there than elsewhere. He must be fastidious indeed who is not satisfied with the climatic conditions of this island, and, notwithstanding its mountainous structure, I am convinced that before the end of another decade it will be covered with hundreds of handsome cottages and several hotels and supply villages. There is room for a considerable number of health and pleasure-seekers, for the island is about twenty-three miles long and from one to seven wide.

A few miles from its northern end, Catalina presents a curious contrast to its usual appearance. Here the mountains terminate abruptly, and the island becomes reduced to a narrow isthmus, about half-a-mile wide, on one side of which are the turbulent Pacific breakers, on the other the calm sound. Here are the ruins of Government barracks erected during the civil war and now deserted, but no other signs of human habitation, though a hotel will doubtless be erected before long. The only way of reaching this interesting point is by an occasional excursion on a little tugboat stationed at Avalon, the only village on the island at present. It consists of the Hotel Metropole (what a name for a hotel in such a position!) and a row of shanties, half wood and half canvas, in which bread and provisions and shells can be obtained. The hotel is built on the site of an old Indian burial ground, which is not a pleasant thought to those who know that invisible ghosts in the shape of typhoid-fever germs have been exhumed from European graveyards which had been undisturbed for several hundred years. For this and other reasons, the hotel ought to be removed part way up the hill just south of Avalon, whence a fine view of the island and the sound can be obtained. But do not fancy that from the top of this hill, or the higher one to which it leads, you will catch sight of the illimitable Pacific. The higher you climb the higher do the mountains, that were previously hidden from sight by the lower intervening crests, loom up, and shut out the view westward. But these curved ridges, rising one behind the other, like seats in a cyclopean amphitheatre, are in themselves a fascinating sight, especially in spring, when the hillsides are green with high grass and abundant shrubbery. Looking down from this hill, we can see the large fish swimming about in

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the crystalline water, several hundred feet below us. To lie here on the grass, in the balmy sunshine, taking in the view and inhaling the ocean breeze, mingled with the floral perfumes that rise around you, is the very luxury of existence, and every deep draught of this air is a day added to one's life. Thanks to the breeze, no shade is needed, and thus all the healing virtues of the sun's rays can be utilized.

Should the labor of climbing this steep hill be dreaded, equally romantic spots may be found by following up the cañon or gulch which leads from the hotel into the midst of the hills by a gradual but steady ascent. The road follows a dry brook-bed, which probably once in a while becomes a torrent, though heavy rains are rare here, even during the "rainy season." An endless variety of shrubs and flowers lines this road, becoming more rarely beautiful in color and shape the higher we rise. Climbing up one of the side-gulches, I was frequently obliged to cut my way with my cane through bowers most gracefully built by the poison-ivy (or oak), which is so abundant throughout California, afflicting some people, if they only pass near it, with a painful swelling of the face, while to others it is as harmless as is real oak or ivy. From one of these lovely bowers a humming-bird arose and darted up into the air as fast and straight as a rocket, till almost out of sight; then down again like a lump of lead; then circling in a wide curve about me, humming all the time like a spinning-wheel. To an observer who stands perfectly motionless, these birds afford no end of amusement by their wonderful swiftness and curious caprices. Often, when I watered my flowers during the winter, one of them would hover over the stream from the hose, take a foot-bath for a minute, then alight on an orange tree for a second, and return to the sport again and again. They are very abundant in California, these butterflies among birds, as if to atone for the rarity of real butterflies, which is one of the most curious defects of this State; for one would think that a country so crowded with wild flowers would be the very paradise of butterflies. Another kind of bird very abundant on Catalina Island is the quail, which, even without the advantage of color, vies with the humming-bird in beauty. Being seldom hunted, the quail are much tamer than on the mainland. One couple had a nest in a cactus bush not more than a hundred yards behind the hotel, where they remained undisturbed till a heartless young idiot from Los Angeles killed them with his shotgun. Walking up the cañon, one or two pairs repeatedly ran along leisurely in the middle of the roadbed, not a hundred feet ahead of me. At other times I came within a few yards of them before they saw me, for the ground in many places is covered with a velvety kind of grass, noiseless and delightful to walk upon. Far up the gradually narrowing gulches we come upon patches of lovely maiden-hair and other ferns, guiding us to tiny brooklets of clear cool water. Water is not abundant on the island, so far as explored, and last summer only one of the springs near Avalon, that which supplies the village pipes, was alive. But it would be easy to secure all the water desired by damming up one of the gulches.

HENRY T. FINCK.

GERMAN UNITY IN THE TYROL.

BOTZEN IN TYROL, September 20, 1889.

SUNDAY, the 15th of September, was a great day for the little town of Botzen. On that day it celebrated two events, both of which are likely to be of permanent interest and value for its future. One of these events was the unveiling of a statue of Walter von der Vogelweide, and the other was the foundation of a Tyrolese Sängerbund by the union of various local choral societies.

The statue of Walter is the result of long-continued effort on the part of the Germanic elements of southern Austria, supported with more or less energy by their relatives from further northward. The idea of the statue goes back to the year 1874, and may properly be regarded as a part of the general Teutonic enthusiasm growing out of the great events of 1870-71. The project found widespread approval, but no very substantial help until within the past five years, when, under the leadership of a rich wine-merchant of Innsbruck, Andreas Kirchebener by name, it has been pushed forward to a triumphant completion.

The selection of Botzen as the fitting place for a Vogelweide memorial seems at first a singular one, but it is justified by two considerations: first, because, according to the most recent investigations, it seems to be established, with a reasonable degree of certainty, that the great minnesinger was by birth a Tyrolese. The so-called "Vogelweider-Hof" lies in the neighborhood of Klausen, between Brixen and Botzen, and is the object of many a pious pilgrimage. Many passages in Walter's writings point to his connection with the princes of southern Germany, and show an intimate acquaintance with the political relations between Germany and Italy. The second consideration was that Botzen is the last important place on the way from the lands of the German tongue to the lands of the Welsch. Even here the Italian element begins to be very prominent. One-half the population of Botzen is Italian, but it is the lower half. The German tongue still dominates, and is very conscious of its position. Indeed, one seems to feel in the soft Italian air, and to see in the pronounced Italian character of the houses, shops, products of the soil, people, and cattle, a warning that only by vigorous assertion can the *Teutschthum* hold its own against the *Welschthum*.

Such an assertion the Walter statue is intended to be. It stands here, on the southern border of the German tongue, as the great "Germania" of the Niederwald stands upon the western, as if to mark the limits of a sacred inheritance. There the suggestion is one of bold defiance towards an enemy who may at any moment be expected to begin the attack; here it is of peaceful insistence, through song and word, upon a national unity stronger than all political ties.

We came over from Switzerland to Tyrol on the eve of the celebration. Even along the new Vorarlberger Railway in Feldkirch and Bludenz and Imst, we began to see signs of the approaching festivities in the groups of men wearing the badges and carrying the banners of "Sängervereine," "Liedertafeln," or whatever other names the local singing-societies may be called by. Beyond Innsbruck these demonstrations became louder and more frequent. At Franzensfeste our train was received with a rousing salute from the singers in waiting; and an impromptu reception, with an immense amount of hat-doffing, beer-drinking, and speechifying, was held upon the station platform. At Botzen the societies, received again with song and speeches at the station, marched to the square to receive their assignments for lodgings.

The festivities began on Saturday evening with a grand concert in the new Bürgersaal, a surprisingly good hall for so small a place. The music was a new composition, by Director J. Panbaur of Innsbruck, for chorus, orchestra, and soloists, based upon selections from Walter's poems freely adapted by Professor Ignaz V. Zingerle. It was a capital performance, worthy of a larger stage.

Sunday morning was magnificent—such an air and such a sky as the New Englander knows on a few divine days in October. Hotels and private houses poured their guests at an early hour into the quaint Johannesplatz, where the veiled statue stood in the midst of waving banners, decorated tribunes for musicians and invited guests, booths gay with flags and pictures. The official programme began with a grand mass in the beautiful Gothic church at the corner of the Platz. From the church the musical societies marched in procession to the place assigned them within the enclosure, and grouped themselves in front of the statue. Archduke Henry of Austria, his wife, the Baroness Waideck—formerly the well-known actress Frl. Hofmann—and their daughter were the most prominent persons in the assembly, but we were assured that their presence was entirely unofficial, and was meant only as a sign of personal interest in the occasion. At the given signal the coverings fell, and the beautiful statue stood out clearly against the blue sky.

The figure of the minnesinger, of heroic size, is in the purest of white marble, and stands upon a pedestal raised, perhaps, twenty feet above the level of the square. It represents a man in the prime of life, dressed in the simple singer's gown and cap, standing lightly but firmly poised, with one foot slightly advanced beyond the base. His left hand holds the lute, the symbol of his profession, and the right is folded over it as in repose. The knightly sword girded at his side indicates his double character as singer and soldier at once. The bearded face wears a sweet and serious expression, as if the artist had meant to show us the Walter who mourns over the sorrows of Germany, or assails the vices of the clergy, or summons his people to the crusade, rather than the singer of springtime and the joys of youthful love. It is a beautiful piece of work, simple and impressive, thoroughly worthy of its subject, and reflecting the highest credit upon the sculptor Natter, himself a Tyrolese.

The statue rests upon an octagonal base, supported by eight short Ionic columns of very light gray stone, and these are carried again, by a larger square block, increased gradually by several members, until it reaches the ground. From the front and rear of the pedestal project very graceful swans' necks, through which streams of water are poured into small basins and again discharged through lions' mouths into larger basins of a soft yellowish stone below. At the sides of the pedestal are large marble lions, sitting and holding by one paw the arms of Tyrol and of the Empire. One is especially impressed by the simplicity and unity of the design and by its harmony with its surroundings. From the Johannesplatz one sees over the roofs the circle of hills which hold Botzen in their midst, so that from whatever point one views him, the singer stands against the deep blue of the Italian sky or against the dark green of his native hills.

The ceremonies of the unveiling were much of the usual sort—an oration by Prof. Karl Weinhold of Berlin, of which one heard nothing, and a poem, by Hans von Vintler, read by an actor from Vienna, of which one heard a little too much. Interesting, however, was the ceremony of laying wreaths about the base of the statue by the different musical organizations.

Thus far the whole affair had been in no sense a popular celebration. That element

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(what there was of it) was reserved for the evening. The whole square was enclosed by barriers, which it cost thirteen cents to cross, and was pretty well filled by improvised tables. Here beer flowed plentifully, and begot the proper condition of mind and body for listening to the singing of the societies in friendly rivalry, and to the music of various brass bands. Excellent singing it was, too, such as would have done credit to any city organization.

The following day was to be devoted to a pilgrimage to the Vogelweider-Hof in Laien near Klausen, but we learned that the attendance was very small indeed. The final act of the celebration was a Commers of students in the Bürgersaal. This gave expression more distinctly than any other part of the "Fest" to the specifically German character. The originators were Botzen Germans who had studied or were studying at Austrian universities. Their entertainment was expressly intended to improve the occasion by emphasizing in every conceivable form the unity of Germans wherever they might be. One might easily have fancied one's self in Berlin. The allusions of the orator to Germans, and to those lofty qualities described collectively as "Deutsch," were applauded most vigorously. The Austrian national hymn was played by the band without special notice, but "Die Wacht am Rhein" was greeted with great enthusiasm. "We are not rebels," said a Vienna professor who sat next me, "but we Germans do not propose to let ourselves be crowded out by the Jews and Slavs who are now playing the great rôle in Austria." The Commers was properly concluded by the students surrounding the statue and singing "Die Wacht am Rhein" again.

Another bit of side-light was thrown upon the subject next day by an old monk in the monastery at Gries, who, in referring to the celebration, spoke of it as a pronounced failure, a perfunctory affair carried through without any basis of real enthusiasm. Certainly it was not a popular demonstration. For the mass of Tyrolese peasants who thronged the side streets of Botzen, it had no meaning whatever. If they know who Walter was, they know him only as the enemy of the priests, and that is enough for them. Still, the substantial fact is, that there he stands, the representative to the German mind of all that is best in the history of his race—of poetic insight, of patriotism, of resistance to priestly oppression—and he will prove a rallying point whenever in this distracted State the forces of light are called upon to ally themselves against the forces of darkness.

E. E.

THE FINE ARTS AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

X.—THE UNITED STATES.

PARIS, October 3, 1889.

IN point of size, the exhibition of works of art made by the United States ranks first among the foreign nations. With a total of 572 works in the five classes of Group I, the only rivals that approach it in this respect are Great Britain, with 552 works, and Belgium, with 450. There are 336 oil paintings, 117 paintings of different kinds and drawings, 16 pieces of sculpture and medallions, 1 architectural drawing, and 102 engravings. The exhibitors in the five classes number 356, and the recompenses awarded by the International Jury consist of two medals of honor (or *grands prix*), seven medals of the first class, twenty-one of the second class, and forty-three of the third class. Thirty-four exhibitors received honorable mention.* Four artists who exhibit both oil paintings and drawings received two awards. The exhibition occupies four galleries in the north end of the Palais des Beaux-Arts.

In accordance with the wishes of the majority of the members of the jury of American artists appointed by the officers of the United States Commission to select works offered for the exhibition at the headquarters of the Commission in New York, the works of art sent by the home artists were placed by themselves, and occupy the entire wall space in one of the four galleries and a portion of that in another. The other rooms are filled with the works exhibited by American artists residing permanently in Europe, or by those who by right of temporary residence submitted their works to the decision of the jury, also appointed by the United States Commission, that held its sittings in Paris. The general aspect of the galleries would without doubt have been better if this distinction had not been made; and, as it happens, the works exhibited by the home artists are seen at some disadvantage, for the gallery in which the greater part of them are placed is more poorly lighted than any of the other three, while the largest gallery of all, and the one in which the light is best, is occupied exclusively by the artists resident abroad. In so far as comparisons may be instructive between the tendencies at work among the artists at home and those abroad, the present arrangement makes such comparisons a simple matter even for casual visitors; and for the more attentive and inquiring ones it has some advantages, though every one who is really interested in our national progress in art, must regret that the great advance made since the Exhibition of 1878 could not have been shown in its ensemble, without distinction as to the mere place of residence of the artists. For in art originality proceeds from the individual; and though the question of surroundings is an important one, in that the artist is more apt to develop successfully and give tangible shape to his idea in a place where he is spurred by the activity of his fellows, and by the healthful influence of an art atmosphere about him that invigorates and keeps him constantly at his best, yet it by no means follows that an American artist in Paris, for example, where such an atmosphere exists, will surpass his contemporary in New York, where there is but little of it. The home artist, indeed, has an advantage of another sort in living in his own country, in being one who, if not a prime mover in whatever direction art progress takes, is at least an active participant in the development of that progress, and not, like the American in Paris, only associated with it as a foreigner who follows the movement from the outside. And though the American at home will not become an original painter simply because he comes upon types of character that others have not seen, or transcribes landscape motives that no one has thought of painting before, yet, whatever is to be gained in art in feeling one's self in a place that has been familiar from childhood, and receiving the impressions that associations produce—in feeling in sympathy with one's own skies and one's own race—is his.

The artists in Europe, especially those in France, are more completely represented in this exhibition than those at home. This was to be expected, for their interest in an exhibition on their own ground, in a place where their works are seen by their fellows, and where the recompenses voted by the juries mean more to them than they do to those at home, was naturally greater. Consequently, we find the best men represented by some of the best of their earlier and later work—earlier and later comparatively speaking, that is, for it must not be forgotten that the exhibition only includes works of art executed since 1878. In these ten years, however, so much has been accomplished in the way of sound progress at home and abroad that the history of the new American art is contained in them. It is to be regretted that the achievements of the home artists could not have been shown more completely; that a half-dozen works of such men as Mr. Winslow Homer and Mr. George Inness, for example, could not have been brought here and hung together in the gallery where there is nothing to represent the one and only one not very satisfactory canvas by the other, and that more of the works that have been among the marked successes at the exhibitions of the Academy and the Society of American Artists in recent years could not have been procured from their owners and brought here, to show more adequately than does the collection sent from New York last spring the real progress that has been made at home, and put more plainly in evidence the fact that there is an earnest body of men in New York who are following art for art's sake, and who, in spite of difficulties, are every day making their influence more felt, and every year receiving more substantial encouragement from the public. The jury charged to select works in America, however, did all that it was possible to do, and were even obliged to cut down the limits first set for the number of works to be accepted; and so, as I have said, it must merely be a matter of regret that the representation is not more complete, and it may be hoped that another occasion will afford an opportunity to do what it was not possible to do here.

The exhibition of American art at the Champ de Mars is a most creditable one, and I have no hesitation in affirming that in interest, in technical excellence, and in individuality, it is second to none except the French. The number of artists who are well trained in the *métier* is surprisingly large in proportion to what it is in other countries, and there are so many who are masters of technique, and so many others who, though they are not always that, are remarkable for well-defined originality of conception and individuality in their methods of expression, that the exhibition is one well worth seeing on account of its importance in this vast collection of the world's art; while for the American it is one that is more than gratifying, as showing how much we have been able to do without traditions, and with comparatively little of the powerful influence of a civilization that knows the value of art and encourages and honors it. There can be no doubt that we are on the right road, that we are laying sound foundations, and that some of the superstructure already to be seen is well built and beautiful; and we are justified in hoping that the day is not far off when it will be admitted that American art can hold its own with any other, and that it will then be supported and encouraged at home as it deserves.

The six portraits by Mr. John S. Sargent adequately represent him. Mr. Sargent is one of the most brilliant painters of the day, whose work as a whole is better known in Paris and London than it is in New York and Boston; but, as it happens, at least four of the portraits here exhibited have been seen in America, and

* The figures are taken from the official catalogues, and from the list of recompenses as published in the *Journal Officiel* of September 30.

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the best of them all are among these four. There is such infinite skill in painting, such delightful individuality, such freshness and delicacy of color, and such an admirable ensemble in the "Portrait of Mrs. B.," that it may justly be pointed out as one of the very best works of this talented painter. No less admirable is a somewhat more sober canvas, the "Portrait of the Misses B.," in which four little girls are seen in a hall, two forming a group near the middle, a third seated on the floor in the immediate foreground, and the fourth standing at the left of the picture. It is excellent as a picture-portrait, and it is the cleverest sort of painting. Its great merit, however, lies in its fine harmony of quiet color notes and in its breadth of conception, so effectively carried out without losing the marks of individuality which the portrait painter has to keep constantly in mind. In the "Portrait of Mrs. K." are the same qualities that were noted in the first-mentioned portrait; in the "Portrait of Mrs. W." is a delightful piece of painting in light tints and great refinement of treatment, and in "Portrait of Mrs. S." a fine piece of color in the red robe and a dexterity of handling that is marvellous.

The most striking picture in the American galleries is Mr. W. T. Dannat's "A Quartette," well known to visitors to the Metropolitan Museum, where it has been for the past year or two, and where it will return at the close of the Exhibition, as it is the property of the institution. It was one of the most remarkable works at the Salon of 1884, where it was first exhibited, and is certainly one of the best pictures in the great gathering at the Champ de Mars. Mr. Dannat is further represented by his well-known and excellent picture, "A Sacristy in Aragon," by an admirable portrait head of a young girl with blonde hair, "Portrait of Eva H.," and four other pictures. "A Study in Red" and "Une Saducéenne" are of his latest work. They are both life-size figures of young women, painted in full length; both are marked by some personality of conception and treatment, but both are decidedly inferior to the other works mentioned above. Neither is distinguished in color, and the "Study in Red" is especially lacking in solidity and *envelope*.

Mr. Alexander Harrison, whose reputation as an enlightened follower of the *plein air* movement and whose admirable achievements in this field are shown in "Le Crépuscule" and in "In Arcadia," contributes six pictures. "Castles in the Air," "The Amateurs," "The Wave," and "Evening" are the four which, with the two above mentioned, compose a most brilliant exhibition. "In Arcadia," that surprisingly truthful study of the effect of outdoor light on nude figures, with its beautiful sunlight filtering through the trees and making checkered shadows on the grass at the river side, stands as one of the most original and thoroughly personal works that have come from the brush of any painter in recent years. "Le Crépuscule" is in another way equally remarkable, and is a work of great beauty marked by much truth of observation, and by the complete success with which the artist has rendered a difficult effect. In "The Amateurs," which, next to these two pictures, is the most interesting of Mr. Harrison's works in this exhibition, especially to be noted are the fine general tone, which is sustained and harmonious throughout, and the delicacy of tint in the color notes of blue and yellow and grayish white in the clothes of the children in the boat, in the reflection of the evening sky in the water, and in the boat itself. Though comparisons are sometimes invidious, it is only just to say that in this exhibition of American art the works of Messrs. Sargent, Dannat, and Harrison are especially notable, and no one, I venture to say, will dispute their supremacy, though there is more than one painter who presses them hard, and many whose qualities are as worthy of praise. The judgment is formed solely on what is shown in the galleries at the Champ de Mars, where they are all three represented by some of the very best canvases they have ever signed.

Mr. William M. Chase has eight pictures, of which three are full-length portraits of ladies. The "Portrait of Mrs. C.," first exhibited at the autumn Academy Exhibition a year ago, is fortunate in being placed in a fairly good light, an advantage that has not been given to the other two. It looks well here, and creditably represents one of the best of American painters. The small pictures of city scenes about Brooklyn parks and docks, than which nobody has painted anything better in their way, do not show here at their full worth. The little canvases are lost on the big walls, and the light is so high that the pictures are in the shadow cast by the frames. For all that, enough may be seen to leave no doubt of their merit; and their cleverness and artistic quality are incontestable. Mr. George Hitchcock's excellent picture, "Tulip Culture," with its charming color notes and its skilful painting of detail without loss of ensemble, is exhibited here with two other works, "The Annunciation" and "Maternity." The latter, which represents a fisherwoman coming from the sea, with her child on her arm and the hoop of a seine net that she carries on her back forming a sort of halo about her head, is ostensibly affected in conception, but it is a picture that contains good painting. The "Annunciation" is more simple and straightforward—a young maiden of the Dutch peasant type, with a foreground of tall white lilies—and is technically excellent. By Mr. J. Gari Melchers there are four pictures. Two of them, "Communion" and "The Sermon," of unusual size for genre subjects (but this is a fault that has been learned from the French, and is one of the bad results of the struggle for prominence in the Salon), represent scenes of life and manners in Holland. There is sound drawing, as there is always in Mr. Melchers's work, and a great deal of deliberate, solid painting in these pictures, and they are as well done as they could be in their way. The search for character and the attention given to the rendering of the *couleur locale* are their chief merits.

Mr. Dewing's charming little picture, "Lady in Yellow," Mr. Millet's excellent "A Difficult Duet," Mr. Thayer's beautiful "Winged Figure," Mr. Robinson's clever out-door study, "The Bread Carrier," Mr. Weir's "Preparing for Christmas," Mr. Blum's "Venetian Lace Makers," Mr. W. S. Allen's delightful "Evening by the Lake," Mr. Blashfield's "Inspiration," Mr Hassam's "After Breakfast" and "Rue Lafayette—Winter Evening," Mr. Simmons's "The Farmer," Mr. Stewart's brilliant "Hunt Ball" and "Hunt Supper," Mr. Ulrich's "In the Land of Promise," Mr. Denman's refined little nude "Offering to Aphrodite," and the pictures by Messrs. Benson, Carr, Ward, Webb, Eakins, Hennessy, Moeller, MacEwen, Reid, Tiffany, and Turner, are notable among the contributions by figure painters. Mr. Pearce's "Shepherdess," Mr. Vail's "Ready About" and "On the Thames," Mr. Walter Guy's "Le Bénédicité" and "The Spinners," Mr. Knight's "Calling the Ferryman" and "Mourning," Mr. Weeks's "The Last Journey—Souvenir of the Ganges" and "The Rajah of Jodhpore," Mr. Mosler's "The Last Sacraments" and "The Last Moments," Mr. Reinhart's "Washed Ashore," Mr. Bridgman's "Horse Market at Cairo" and "On the Housetops, Algiers," Mr. Boggs's "Place de la Bastille" and "St. Germain-des-Près," and Mr. Howard R. Butler's "Seaweed Gatherers," are the most important pictures among those that are already well known, and have achieved reputation for the painters at the Salon and at some of the exhibitions in the United States.

In portraits there is a most creditable exhibition by the painters on both sides of the Atlantic. Of the best among the very good are Mr. Brandegee's "Portrait," Mr. Cox's "Portrait of Augustus St. Gaudens," Mr. Tarbell's "Portrait of Mrs. T.," Mr. Beckwith's "Portrait of William Walton," Mr. Blashfield's "Portrait of a Lady," Mr. Weir's "Portrait of the Artist's Child," Mr. Vonnoh's "Studio Comrade," Mr. Wiles's "Portrait of a Lady," Mr. Pearce's "Portrait of Mrs. P.," Mr. Stewart's two pastel portraits of ladies, Mr. Bridgman's "Portrait of Mme. B.," and those signed by Messrs. Eakins, de Meza, Wyatt Eaton, Rice, Forbes, Fowler, Anderson, and Misses Beaux, Klumpke, and Throop.

But little room, comparatively, has been found for landscapes, but there are some excellent canvases nevertheless. Landscape is such an important feature of the home exhibitions that we might expect to find a fair proportion of it among the works sent from New York; but even in the gallery where these works are hung, the preponderance of figure subjects is almost as noticeable as in the others. Mr. Bolton Jones's "The Old Pasture," Mr. Ruger Donoho's "La Marcellerie," Mr. Cox's "Flying Shadows," Mr. Davis's "A Winter Evening," Mr. Pearce's "Evening," Mr. Weir's "Lengthening Shadows," Mr. Inness's "A Short Cut to Watchung Station," and Mr. Wyant's "Landscape," all works of value and individual in style, show at least that we have landscape painters who are lacking neither in artistic quality nor in technical ability to express their impressions. In addition to these, there are characteristic examples of the methods of such well-known painters as Messrs. Gifford, Whittredge, Foxcroft Cole, Parton, Van Boskerck, Minor, Macy, Gay, C. H. Eaton, and Miller, and water colors by Messrs. W. H. Drake, Gibson, Platt, F. H. Smith, and Whittemore.

In drawings the exhibition is especially rich. Mr. Abbey is represented by a dozen of the best examples of his charming talent. There is an equal number by Mr. Low, the originals for his illustrations of Keats's poems; and there are others by Messrs. Cox, Reinhart, Wiles, Pennell, Blum, and Blashfield. Mr. Bartlett's fine figure in bronze, "Bohemian," a masterly work, and Mr. MacMonnies's "Diana," are most notable among the works of the sculptors. Messrs. Warner, French, Adams, Kitson, and Waldo Story are other exhibitors in this department, in which, though the representation is not large, it is in quality at least above the average of similar displays made by most of the other foreign nations. The absence of any work by Mr. St. Gaudens is to be regretted. In architecture there is only a single exhibit, a fine perspective drawing of the reading-room of Bates Hall (Public Library), Boston, by Messrs. McKim, Mead & White. The exhibition of wood-engravings is complete, and of a high degree of merit. Among the best-known exhibitors are Messrs. Kingsley, Closson, Cole, Johnson, French, Wolf, Davis, Putnam, Kruell, Davidson, and Aikman.

WILLIAM A. COFFIN.

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Correspondence.

CLEVELAND AND HARRISON.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In numerous recent issues the *Nation* has cited Mr. Harrison's declaration, "We must do at least as well as Cleveland did." In your last you speak of his action in displacing Mr. Lindsay as Postmaster of Rahway, N. J., "in the interest of the press-subsidy scheme," as "in contempt of his own self-imposed and very moderate rule," to wit, the one above mentioned.

Are you not misconstruing Mr. Harrison's declaration? It is alleged that Mr. Cleveland sometimes removed Federal officials because of their political faith or affiliation. Did not Mr. Harrison mean that he would try to do *at least* as well as Mr. Cleveland in the matter of such *removals*? Such a construction would relieve you somewhat of your embarrassment in trying to understand the President, and to make his line of action coincide with "his own self-imposed and very moderate rule," etc.

Yours, OILYGAMMON.

Richmond, Va., October 4, 1889.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The official report of the Civil-Service Commission shows that of 367 employees of the Baltimore Post-office, all but 11 were removed during Mr. Cleveland's Administration. It is furthermore well known that all his appointments there were of a very low order, and that reputable Democrats vainly demanded a change through a committee who visited him in person, with ample proofs of their charges. If the present Administration, which has certainly as yet nowhere sinned so flagrantly, is deserving of the unsparing denunciation and condemnation which you visit upon it for its civil-service shortcomings, will you inform a reader how you could consistently support Mr. Cleveland's reëlection?

Yours respectfully,
Geo. N. Jones.

Washington, October 8, 1889.

[Our correspondent seems to think that the Baltimore revelations are news. They are so only in detail, not in principle. Every reader of the *Nation* for the past five years knows whether we tried to conceal the fact of Maryland's having been delivered over to the spoilsmen, or to relieve President Cleveland of his responsibility for it. As for the reasons which we gave in favor of his re-election, we can only refer to our files for 1888. What we are doing now is, to test the morality of President Harrison, who gained office on the (as now appears) false pretence of meaning to correct the very abuse which Cleveland stood charged with.—Ed. Nation.]

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Can you tell your readers what your esteemed correspondent Mr. H. C. Lea thinks of President Harrison as an administrative reformer? As Mr. Lea severely condemned President Cleveland, and expected much from Mr. Harrison, his opinions just now would be interesting reading.

Senator Hoar was likewise very wroth over President Cleveland's incompetence and hypocrisy, but seems to be quite well satisfied with the progress that reform is now making.

If Mr. Lea still agrees with Senator Hoar, I hope he may state at length why he does; for if the optimistic condition of mind regarding this present Administration is the correct one, there are many signs to show that civil-service reformers generally are in sad need of proper instruction. A. M. G.

Waltham, Mass., October 6, 1889.

INTERNATIONAL IGNORANCE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Will the subject of "American reputation for illiteracy" bear still further illustration? In the same line as the story of Wordsworth and his college told by "American" in your paper of September 5, is the following: Not long since a member of my family was talking with an Englishman, who quoted the hackneyed verses beginning, "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms." Finishing, he said, "Those lines, you know, are by Moore." No response seeming necessary, none was made; whereupon, after a slight pause, he added: "Moore was one of our better-known poets." The somewhat sarcastic tone of the "Oh, was he?" was entirely lost upon the Englishman.

Apropos of Wordsworth, I was in the English lake district a few weeks ago, and, after my evening meal at a hotel in Windermere, I went into the smoking-room. There sat an Englishman, and, knowing how exceedingly pleasant Englishmen almost invariably are when once the ice has been broken, I immediately entered into conversation. This naturally turned upon the beautiful scenery we were then in, and, after some remarks upon Grasmere, Rydal Water, and Rydal Mount, the Englishman said: "I did not go to Rydal Mount; I believe Mr. Wordsworth was formerly rector of the parish there?" And that absurdities and displays of ignorance are also committed by Englishmen can be still further shown. While at table-d'hôte one day last January in Naples, an English clergyman sitting next to me was asked by a countryman of his who was opposite, whether "Sicily was part of the Italian kingdom?"

Still, while one such story of an Englishman can be told, there are probably a dozen of Americans; and though the number of these is unfortunately already unduly large, the following is too good to be omitted: An American lady was recently in Redfern's shop in this city, and overheard a countrywoman making an allusion to the "piccadillies." Supposing that she had not caught the word aright, and that the famous street in London was referred to, imagine her astonishment on learning, from some further remarks, that the speaker was describing to a friend a Spanish bull-fight, and that by the word in question she meant the "picadors"! Albert Matthews.

Paris, September 10, 1889.

COLLEGE TEMPTATIONS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your editorial in reply to the anxious mother who wanted for her son a college without temptation, was so inimitably excellent that you deserve more and heartier thanks than your correspondence column has yet shown. I took pains that nearly every member of our Faculty should read it; I showed it to various students; I gave my Bible-class at the opening talk of the session the benefit of it; and I wish it could be published in all religious papers (I intend to send it to mine) and in all college magazines (I am going to try to have it put in ours). I should also like to see it given a permanent and prominent place in all college catalogues, so completely and overwhelmingly does it meet the points in the case.

The present writer has never seen why college faculties themselves should do so much to encourage the idea that it is always a disgrace to a boy to be withdrawn from college. It depends entirely on circumstances. To do good and get good in a college, a boy needs certain things, the lack of which need be no disgrace at all, nor even mortification. If he has no taste for books, or at least for text-books, and no desire for an education, there are still many spheres of usefulness open to him, in which he can be a benefactor to his race and a source of comfort and joy to his parents. And the kind thing to do to such a boy, and to his parents, is to urge them to try him at something more suitable for him. But whether parents look at the matter in this common-sense way or not, I have always held that the kind thing for a faculty to do is to be relentless in disposing of students who have had a fair trial, and yet show that they are *not* at college for the purpose of studying. It is kind to them, and to their parents, but kind, above all, to the other students who do want to study. The seeming hard-heartedness, as some call it, is in reality true tender-heartedness; at least, so thinks

Yours gratefully, Æ.

Notes.

In addition to the announcements already made by Little, Brown & Co., Boston, they promise next month Alfred de Vigny's 'Cinq-Mars,' translated by Wm. Hazlitt, and illustrated with thirteen full-page etchings, besides smaller designs incorporated in the text. This will be published in two editions—a more and a less costly one.

Roberts Brothers, Boston, will shortly publish 'Belief,' a series of discourses, by the Rev. George L. Chaney; 'Lil,' a story, by the author of 'Miss Toosey's Mission'; 'Their Canoe Trip,' by Mary P. W. Smith; 'Flipwing the Spy,' a story for children, by Lily F. Wesselhoeft; and 'Kibboo Ganey; or, The Lost Chief of the Copper Mountain,' a story of travel and adventure in the heart of Africa, by Walter Wentworth.

Estes & Lauriat have nearly ready an illustrated edition of Owen Meredith's 'The Earl's Return'; 'Feathers, Furs, and Fins,' stories of animal life, also illustrated; and 'Queen Hildegarde,' a story for girls, by Laura E. Richards, with designs by E. H. Garrett.

A number of dainty reprints lie on our table. We begin with the solitary English contribution, the latest addition to the "Stott Library" (New York: Macmillan), namely, a selection from the best works of De Quincey, in two volumes. The size, the exemplary binding and clear typography of these little books, make them almost ideal pocket companions. The selection consists of the "Confessions of an Opium-Eater" and "Suspiria de Profundis," with "Murder as One of the Fine Arts," "The English Mail Coach," "The Vision of Sudden Death," "The Last Days of Kant," and "Recollections of Charles Lamb." A portrait and a photogravure adorn them.

The contingent furnished by the Riverside Press (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) embraces, first, six thin booklets (in a box) with parchment covers, being selections from the prose of Hawthorne, and from the prose and verse of Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson, and Holmes. The excerpts are all arranged under the days of the year, and frequently fit the person or the event celebrated—which, by the way, is repeated *ad libitum* in the several

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volumes. The set taken together makes a very pretty and substantial gift. On a larger scale is the Riverside Aldine Series, bound in a smooth dark-blue cloth and legibly and beautifully printed, one volume being made up of 'The Gray Champion, and Other Stories and Sketches,' by Hawthorne, and two others giving the whole of Thoreau's 'Walden.' Still a third series is that of the "Dollar Classics," the price not mounting with the style, though the white and gold back and half-green sides seem more costly to produce. We have here a very desirable grouping of 'Ballads, Lyrics, and Sonnets from the Poetic Works of H. W. Longfellow,' the sonnets being massed at the end; and a companion volume of 'Interludes, Lyrics, and Idyls,' from Tennyson. Not so distinguished in appearance as the foregoing is the 'Character and Comment selected from the Novels of W. D. Howells, by Minnie Macoun.' We observe that 'Silas Lapham' furnishes the greater number of extracts, followed by 'April Hopes,' 'The Undiscovered Country,' 'A Woman's Reason,' etc. As one might not (in the present stage of the world) have expected an index, it is an agreeable surprise to find one here. Love, People, Society, Men, and Women are the chief rubrics.

Still keeping on the same line, we come to the 'Literary Gems' put into six flat side-pocket volumes, each with its case, by the Messrs. Putnam. Here the binding is a dark leatherette, perhaps, the type generously large, but the tastefulness something short of the Riverside standard. Arnold's 'Sweetness and Light' and Brown's 'Rab and his Friends' are the freshest of the gems. Goldsmith's 'Good-Natured Man,' Poe's 'Gold Bug,' Drake's 'Culprit Fay,' and Curtis's 'Our Best Society,' complete the set, which is provided with frontispieces.

Little, Brown & Co. continue their handsome library edition of Dumas, in English (the D'Artagnan romances preceding), with the Valois romances, leading off with 'Marguerite de Valois,' in two volumes. Historic portraits accompany them. The binding is in a richly stamped wine color, the print (of the University Press) very clear and attractive.

From Dodd, Mead & Co. we have a presentable edition of 'Consuelo,' in a new translation by Frank H. Potter, in four volumes. It is upwards of forty years since the first, and, so far as we know, hitherto the only American translation, by the late Francis George Shaw, was published. Mr. Potter's version is fluent and idiomatic; we have not compared it with the original, but it makes the impression of competency.

Though an index might be classed with the books that are no books, it is pleasant to meet with one honored externally as well as typographically. Such treatment has been accorded to the new '*Atlantic* Index' (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), which is tastefully bound in green cloth, and will be an ornament in any collection. The only other index to the magazine issued by this firm extended from 1857 to 1876; the present (which includes the former) ends with the year 1888, and is under one alphabet. A brief history of the magazine is prefixed, but it remains for the reviewer to say that the *Atlantic Monthly* stands for the continuity of Boston's literary activity (we waive the often mooted question of primacy), has abjured the aid of illustrations, and has made its appeal to those who are fond of "polite literature." An index to sixty-two volumes of such a publication is something to be thankful for.

Some curious data as to library duplicates are given in a "symposium" in the *Library Journal* for September. Fifty copies of 'Ben Hur' represent a pretty constant demand, but 'Robert Elsmere' (which at the New York Mercantile Library started off with 140 copies) has suffered from a collapse of the boom, and the Brooklyn Library reports two shelvesful and four or five calls a week. Of Beaconsfield's 'Lothair' 700 copies were ordered by the New York Mercantile; 18 of Darwin's 'Life and Letters.' While Gen. Sherman's Memoirs were advanced to 52 copies, Grant's in the same library did not get beyond 15.

A *Magazine of Christian Literature* has just begun to be published by the Christian Literature Company in this city (No. 1, October). Its contents are eclectic, but the novelty of the venture lies in this, that "an original and popular work of 500 pages" is published in connection with it, of course in instalments. Thus, the number before us contains *Aachen-Ansgar* of a 'Concise Dictionary of Religious Knowledge, Biblical, Doctrinal, Historical, and Practical,' edited by the Rev. Samuel Macauley Jackson, assisted by the Rev. Talbot Wilson Chambers and the Rev. Frank Hugh Foster.

The *Revue de l'Histoire des Religions*, edited by M. Jean Réville (Paris: Ernest Leroux), enters upon its tenth year and nineteenth volume. It eschews dogmatic discussion and ecclesiastical controversy, and is independent of sectarian influences. It has leading articles and reviews, a *Chronique* and a bibliography. Its contributors embrace men like Renan, Albert Réville, Derenbourg, Goblet d'Alviella, etc. American contributors are welcomed, and the editor will provide translations from English into French. Prof. Morris Jastrow, jr., of the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, will forward subscriptions.

In the *Portfolio* for September (Macmillan), Walter Armstrong summarizes in very short compass "Fine Art at the Paris Exhibition." The American contribution he pronounces a miracle of evolution since 1877. Amateurish then, "now, after the French, there is no section to rival it in the directness of vision, in the dexterity of hand and general accomplishment, which it is the gift of the French to teach." And, "there is scarcely in the whole show a contrast so violent as that between the American and English sections. It is stronger than that between the English and French; stronger even than that between the English and the Spanish or Italian rooms." Mr. Armstrong takes no notice of the American triumphs in wood-engraving. Mr. Hamerton discusses the Eiffel Tower from an artistic point of view, warding off some of the censure bestowed upon it, without allowing it ("a land lighthouse") to be beautiful. But he thinks it may permanently affect our criticism of iron architecture.

The *Centralblatt für Bibliothekswesen* contains the conclusion of Ortroy's Bibliography of Military Works published in Belgium during 1887, and the second part of the catalogue of Cologne incunabula in the Darmstadt Library, enumerating twenty-one works printed in the type used by Arnold ther Hoernen. In a note, the editor takes exception to the statement, recently made by A. Giry, the French historian, that the university libraries of Germany show a tendency to become too exclusively circulating libraries, and asserts that the tendency is in the opposite direction, as is shown by general provision, in recent years, of larger and more convenient reading-rooms for students, and the efforts which are made to encourage the use of books in the library rather than to increase the circulation outside.

In the *Library* for August and September the most noteworthy papers are F. Norgate's "Caxtoniana," recording the changes of ownership and prices of such specimens of Caxton's printing as have come into the market since 1863; an interesting account of the Library of the Royal College of Surgeons, by J. B. Bailey; an instructive analysis of a day's reading at the Mitchell Library, Glasgow; and a paper by G. R. Humphrey, maintaining that it is the duty of governments to provide free libraries for the people.

Mr. Robert T. Swan, Massachusetts Commissioner on Public Records of Parishes, Towns, and Counties, whose first publication we recently noticed, has issued a list of missing church records which will doubtless stimulate research and lead to recovery.

—Mr. W. A. Clouston, whose 'Popular Tales and Fictions' and 'Book of Noodles' we have already noticed, has just added to his publications on Oriental fiction an interesting volume entitled: 'A Group of Eastern Romances and Stories from the Persian, Tamil, and Urdu. With Introduction, Notes, and Appendix' (privately printed, 1889. 8vo, pp. xl, 586). The volume contains eleven stories from the Persian, and one each from the Tamil and Urdu. One only has not appeared before in English, but the others are found in books not easily accessible. The contents of the work are valuable to students engaged in tracing the Oriental origin of stories popular in Europe, and at the same time interesting to the general reader. The stories cover a wide range, and give a good idea of Eastern tales in general, some dealing with common life and containing nothing supernatural, others being full of enchantments, magical transformations, and good and bad fairies and jinn. The volume is beautifully printed, and the edition limited to 300 copies, plus 20, numbered, on large paper. The few remaining copies may be procured of William Hodge & Co., 26 Bothwell Street, Glasgow.

—To those who are familiar with Dr. Waldstein's interesting manner of bringing out the points which make the minor Greek sculptures valuable to the archæologist, his 'Catalogue of Casts in the Fitzwilliam Museum' (Macmillan) will be somewhat disappointing. While it aims to "make the Museum of Archæology an object-lesson in Greek art," and is intended for the general reader, the descriptions of many of the objects are far too brief to be of service in this direction, and do not explain the reason for their presence in the collection—that is, the especial point in the development of sculpture which they illustrate. This is a very important function of a descriptive catalogue, particularly in the case of archaic works, because it helps the visitor to see and appreciate the qualities which he is least likely to distinguish for himself; and its lack is hardly made good by the summaries with which the author introduces the sculptures of each successive school or epoch, admirable as these are. Dr. Waldstein has evidently put the most of his labor into these, and at some cost to the rest of the book; for we notice occasional slips which are apparently due to carelessness or haste, such as the statement that the stele of Aristion (43) is now in the Theseion, it having been removed to the National Museum two years since; the confusion of Iakchos with Triptolemos in the description of the Eleusinian slab (246); and the statement that the Praying Boy was found at Herculaneum. The origin of this statue is obscure, but its history has been traced back to the seventeenth century, when it was in France, while Herculaneum was not discovered till the early part of the century following. Dr. Waldstein is also mistaken in

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saying that Michaelis places the third metope on the southern wall of the Parthenon "in the third or highest division of the metopes with regard to its freedom and perfection," because Michaelis divides these metopes into four, not three, groups, and assigns this to the third, thus agreeing with Waldstein that it should be assigned to "the division immediately preceding the highest group."

—Dr. P. F. Aschrott of Berlin is now printing the results of his visit to this country. A judge and an expert in matters of penology and charitable organization, the author of exhaustive works on the English prison systems and the English poor laws, he made an official examination of kindred institutions in the United States. He has already printed an account of our prisons, and he has now reprinted from Conrad's 'Annual of National Economy and Statistics' an article on Poverty and Charity in the United States ('Armenwesen und Wohlthätigkeit in den Vereinigten Staaten von Nordamerika.' Jena: Gustav Fischer). He shows that these are matters entirely regulated by the States, and with which the Federal Government has nothing to do, so that it is not easy to make comparisons between the paternal and centralized administration of foreign countries and the purely local regulations of the States so dissimilar in their conditions. He points to the establishment of a Board of Public Charities in Massachusetts in 1863 as leading to similar centralization in other States, until now thirteen States have similar organizations. He remarks the differences in their powers and organization, and the advantage of such elasticity over the uniform system of the English Poor-Law Boards. The recognition of the right of the minority party to a representation on these boards he finds suggestive of the right use of government by parties. The facts that the members are unpaid, and that among them some of the most useful are women; that these boards voluntarily join in general conferences for discussion of methods and comparison of results; and that private associations have been organized to support the official bodies, are all carefully dwelt on. Dr. Aschrott made a special appeal to the German overseers of the poor, in their Congress at Carlsruhe last year, to apply some of the practical lessons that he brought home from his visit to America, as, the advantage of the principle that the State Board is in no sense executive, but simply advisory; the value of individual as distinct from official organization, of voluntary as contrasted with paid care of the poor. He especially commends to the German Women's Charity Societies the work done by Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell, Miss Louisa Schuyler, and Mrs. Richardson.

—The long and repeated delays in the publication of the posthumous memoirs of Prince Talleyrand (which have been serious enough to cause misgivings in the mind of many a middle-aged reader), and perhaps also some renewal of interest in their author, due to M. Henry Houssaye's '1814,' have set M. Edmond Plauchut upon a pilgrimage to Valençay, Talleyrand's château and tomb, of which he gives a very readable account in the *Temps* of September 20. The whole of the article is interesting, but we note in it especially some particulars about the marriage of Talleyrand, and an anecdote or two which, if not absolutely new, have an air of freshness. The marriage was a queer one, to begin with. Talleyrand, although an eldest son, had taken holy orders, on account of his lameness, as it was said, and wholly without vocation to the priesthood, and had been made Bishop of Autun. When he came back from America, he was followed by a Mrs. Grant, who had been his mistress during his exile, and with whom he lived publicly in Paris. This shocked the sensitive morality of the First Consul, in whom

"Déjà Napoléon perçait sous Bonaparte,"

and he insisted that a marriage should sanction the connection. Talleyrand did not wish to be married, but he did wish to keep his place as Minister of Foreign Affairs and to avoid a quarrel with the head of the State. A dispensation was therefore obtained from Pope Pius VII., and the wedding was celebrated both civilly and in church. Mme. de Talleyrand had the name of being as stupid as she was handsome, and her husband took a manly pleasure in leading her on to the commission of the most amazing blunders for the amusement of their guests. One day, for instance, when Denon, one of the savants whom Bonaparte had taken in his train on the expedition to Egypt, was to dine with them, Talleyrand told his wife that he was a traveller of note whose last book he would give her to read. At dinner Denon was at first delighted by the accuracy and discrimination of the compliments which Mme. de Talleyrand paid him, but she soon gave such feelings pause by saying: "*Et ce bon Vendredi*—what a comfort he must have been to you!" Talleyrand had given her 'Robinson Crusoe' to read. The château of Valençay is *triste*, now, M. Plauchut says, and the woods around it are sombre; they are no longer lightened by the delicate humor of their former owner. He lies in the chapel in a marble coffin that has his titles in letters of gold on the lid. Nuns take care of the chapel, and a priest comes and says mass there every day.

JONATHAN EDWARDS.

Jonathan Edwards. By Alexander V. G. Allen, D.D., Professor in the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge, Mass. [American Religious Leaders.] Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1889.

Dr. Allen's book is the first of a new series of which several volumes are announced, the most promising in subject and in treatment being a study of Theodore Parker by Mr. John Fiske. It is to be hoped that he at least will not be bound by the express intention of the series—to give thought-histories, not personal biographies. There would be something monstrous in such a treatment of Theodore Parker. In the case of Jonathan Edwards, the man's thought was so nearly exhaustive of the man that the limitation does not seriously harm, and yet we could wish that Dr. Allen had been more forgetful of it and given us a more personal presentation. Nothing could be more intangible than Edwards's personality as it moves through these pages. We are in a region of abstractions nearly all the way. It is, perhaps, a matter for regret that this subject did not fall to some one of a less abstract and speculative turn of mind. Edwards himself was not more of such a turn than Dr. Allen, whose "Eternal Christ" is as far removed from anything positive, or historical, or human as the most vague of Edwards's theological conceptions.

Dr. Allen's 'Continuity of Christian Thought' was so pronouncedly anti-Augustinian and anti-Calvinistic that it prepared its readers for a much more polemical treatment of Edwards than he has given us. If he has erred, it certainly is not on the polemical side. If anything, he is too apologetic. The proportion of exposition to criticism in his book is that of ten to one. Throughout the earlier chapters we have so little criticism mixed with the exposition that we begin to be impatient, but there is more as we go on. Then, too, the author's art becomes apparent: his exposition is a criticism that would be weakened by any pointing of the moral. In other words, to state is to condemn.

There was much more in Edwards than his development and defence of Calvinism. This Dr. Allen endeavors to bring out. His treatment is extremely sympathetic. We find ourselves thinking of Edwards as of a spirit in prison, and wondering what he would have been if he had not felt it necessary to conform his thought to the traditional creed. It would not be difficult to make up from his writings an anthology that would be as little suggestive of the Jonathan Edwards of our habitual conception as anything could well be. It would abound in sentences and passages of the utmost tenderness and spirituality. Critics before Dr. Allen have noticed Edwards's predilection for the words *sweet*, *sweetness*, *sweetly*. Dr. Allen thinks the word *light* was equally a favorite with him. That here was an apostle of "sweetness and light" more than a century before Matthew Arnold's time will certainly be a surprise to many. So respectful and so reverent is Dr. Allen's treatment of Edwards, that he never invites us to a laugh or even a smile at his expense, as he might easily and innocently do. Rather than do this, he abridges Edwards's account of his infirmities in his letter replying to the invitation to the Presidency of Nassau Hall, now Princeton College. He had, he says, "*a constitution in many respects peculiarly unhappy, attended with flaccid solids, vapid, sizy, and scarce fluids;* and a low tide of spirits, often occasioning a kind of childish weakness and contemptibleness of speech, presence, and demeanor; with a disagreeable dulness *and stiffness*, much unfitting me for conversation, but more especially for the government of a college." Dr. Allen omits what we have printed in italics, and there were certain humorous aspects of the "Great Awakening" to which he has been too considerately blind.

Dr. Allen divides his matter into three sections of six chapters each, with a brief general conclusion. The first section, "The Parish Minister, 1703–1735," sketches Edwards's youth and training, his marriage with Sarah Pierrepont, his settlement in Northampton, his characteristics as a preacher, and his imprecatory sermons. Of course the exquisite description of Sarah Pierrepont, written when she was thirteen and Edwards seventeen, is not omitted, though it is better known than anything he wrote except certain passages in the sermon "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God." It cannot be too well known, for we must go to Dante's 'Vita Nuova' for anything more delicately sweet. Of course, too, the wonder is renewed that from the marriage of these saintly persons came in the second generation such a scamp as Aaron Burr. We might also wonder that with his conception of children as "young vipers, and infinitely more hateful than vipers," he chose to warm eleven of these vipers in his bosom.

Dr. Allen's second section has for its subject "The Great Awakening, 1735-1750." That period of religious excitement was fraught with serious results for Edwards and for the New England churches. At first it was a local matter, beginning in Northampton, with Edwards's own parish, where, after sweeping in 300 converts, it died away, God withdrawing his spirit and letting loose the devil, in the language of the time, only to break out again everywhere, stirred by the eloquence of Whitefield into a

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fiercer flame. Its different stages appear in a succession of Edwards's writings, pathetic in their transition from the glorying over the earlier aspects to the apology for the later, in which there was much of condemnation. In his treatise on "Distinguishing Marks of a Work of the Spirit of God," it is pitiful to see him endeavoring to prove a divine character for the physical manifestations of his own converts, while denying such a character to Whitefield's "impulses" to speech and action. It was with the consent of Whitefield, not with that of Edwards, that the authority of the clergy was broken by the invasion of itinerant preachers and lay exhorters. Against such invasion Edwards set his face in vain. The destruction of the parish unity of towns was one of the most obvious results of the revival. With much of transient interest, except for the religious historian, Edwards contributed to the Awakening one of the loftiest expressions of his spiritual genius, his 'Treatise on the Religious Affections.' Dr. Allen finds in it the Miltonic sign of a good book—"the precious life-blood of a master spirit." Its leading purpose was to show that Christian character and practice are the only adequate tests of the presence of the divine spirit; that in the life alone can be made manifest the sincerity of Christian faith. The depreciation of miracle, in this treatise, as compared with spiritual insight as a testimony to religious truth, is one of those anticipations of Transcendentalism which others before Dr. Allen have remarked upon. There was, however, this important difference, that the spiritual insight of Edwards was the special gift of the Almighty to his own elect, while that of Emerson was the most natural operation of the mind.

It was an application of the principles of this treatise to parish life in his 'Qualifications for Full Communion' that brought Edwards's connection with the Northampton parish to an unhappy close. The understanding has generally been that Edwards demanded assurance of conversion as a condition of church membership. Dr. Allen makes it plain that he did not. His standards of conversion were so subtile and exacting that he might well have doubted his own, as Hopkins and Emmons, the great continuators of his line, did theirs. What he demanded was "a lively hope" instead of the mere formal baptism of the "half-way covenant" by which the New England churches had endeavored to make citizenship easy, when one must be a church member to be a citizen. The matter was complicated with some question of discipline for the reading of "obscene books," meaning Richardson's 'Pamela,' suggests Mr. Leslie Stephen. When the vote was taken on his expulsion, there were only twenty to sustain him. Two hundred were in opposition. The Stockbridge Indians must have been a pleasant change from the Northampton saints. But before this refuge had been offered, friends in Scotland had tendered him a settlement. Then it was that the "Father of Modern Congregationalism," as Dr. Allen calls him, wrote that he had "long been perfectly out of conceit of our unsettled, independent, confused way of church government in this land, and the Presbyterian way has ever appeared to me the most agreeable to the word of God and the reason and nature of things." Dr. Allen may well conceive that this language only expressed the alienation of a passing mood. Certain it is that the stone his Northampton parishioners rejected became the head of the corner of Congregational polity. His offending treatise was the beginning of the end of half-way covenants and of that mixture of the affairs of Church and State which had been suffered over-long.

The third period of Edwards's life, corresponding to the third section of Dr. Allen's book, was preëminently that of "The Philosophic Theologian." Its most significant product was the treatise on the 'Freedom of the Will.' The real object of this was to save God's foreknowledge, which seemed to be imperilled by the Arminian doctrine. Into the particulars of Dr. Allen's suggestive if not entirely satisfactory treatment of this formidable theme we cannot enter. What is certain is, that, to save human responsibility, Edwards made so much of the "freedom to do what we will" as distinguished from the "freedom to will what we will," and was followed up in this so closely by his followers, that he did much to advance the Arminian doctrine which he would fain have utterly destroyed. What is also certain is, that his most precious doctrine, that of the sovereignty of God, went utterly to wreck in the logic of his argument. There was no more place for divine freedom in that than there was for human. "The Augustinian idea of God as arbitrary, unconditioned will" gave way to another conception—that of "God as the one substance, of whose thought the world of created things is the necessary manifestation." This means that, after a lifelong endeavor to subject his personal thought to the traditional dogma, the latter finally succumbed. Mr. Leslie Stephen has called Edwards "a kind of Spinoza-Mather." His intellectual experience resolves itself into the conflict of these opposing elements, a philosophic pantheism and the traditional theology. It was the former that came off victorious.

We have heard much of late of a "Christocentric" doctrine of religion. It is the favorite doctrine of the progressive orthodoxy, so called, of Andover. Edwards knew it not. His theology was God-centred. For him there was hardly anything but God. "Where man should be, there is only a fearful void." It was the reaction from this method that brought the Unitarianism of Channing, with its doctrine of the dignity of human nature, to the front, while leaving God the supreme object of thought and worship. But in the last analysis it is neither the direct nor indirect influence of any special thought of Edwards that constitutes his value and significance for religious thought. It is his thinking that does this. "When God lets loose a thinker on the earth," something remarkable is sure to happen. However wrong-headed Edwards's thinking was at times, it was still thinking. It was an appeal to reason. The beginning of all scepticism and infidelity, says Cardinal Manning, is the attempt to prove the reasonableness of revelation. Edwards made this attempt. "He who believes principles," he said, "because our forefathers affirm them, makes idols of them; and it would be no humility, but baseness of spirit, for us to judge ourselves incapable of examining principles that have been handed down to us." Edwards never wrote anything more characteristic than these Miltonic words. The impulse which he gave to rational thinking was not wholly spent till it had produced results quite different from those which he believed he had established for all time.

THE NEGRO RACE IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

Les Nègres de l'Afrique sus-équatoriale. Par Abel Hovelacque. Paris: Lecrosnier & Babé. 1889. Pp. 468.

ANY work on ethnology by the distinguished author of 'La Linguistique' cannot fail to merit the attention of all who are interested in that "science of man" which, in its modern phase—since the time of Boucher de Perthes, of Darwin, and Broca—has assumed such a novel importance. The present work forms one of a series, composing the "Bibliothèque Anthropologique," which, commenced as lately as 1885, numbers already ten published volumes, with five more announced as in the press. Their authors—Thulié, Duval, Letourneau, Hervé, Vinson, Lacombe, Bordier, Mortillet, Manouvrier, Sabatier—will be recognized as among the masters of this science in its various branches. Each of them is capable of giving a complete report of the present state of knowledge in his own particular department. If the report in each case involves certain special theories of the writer, this fact, far from being a defect, must be deemed not merely a merit, but a decided advantage to the reader. No account of any inductive science is really satisfactory which is not based on a "working hypothesis" clearly set forth. When we know the author's point of view, we can scrutinize his facts and weigh his conclusions with a confidence which would be otherwise impossible.

Central Africa and its people have lately acquired a peculiar interest. The commercial nations of Europe, overflowing with population, capital, and enterprise, and looking far and wide for fields of trade and colonization, have suddenly become conscious of the fact that the greatest of these yet unexploited fields is just at their own doors. The New World of the coming century is to be found in the very heart of the Old World. In this old New World, moreover, there is an immense population which cannot possibly be "improved off the earth." A climate fatal to the white man protects it; and the race itself is full of vitality, the toughest and most fertile of all races, except perhaps the Chinese. Hence the question of the future of this race, and of its capacity for improvement, becomes of the greatest importance.

Prof. Hovelacque does not include in the scope of his work the people of southern Africa, the great "Bantu race," among whom the explorations of Livingston and Stanley have been chiefly carried on. He considers them to belong generally to "a more elevated type" than the "north-equatorial tribes." These latter, extending, with some interruptions, from Senegambia and the Guinea coast to the regions of the Upper Nile, compose the typical negro race, and are portrayed in his work with a fulness and accuracy which leave little to desire. Beginning with the people of the Atlantic coast, and proceeding eastward, he describes minutely the physical traits, character, social life, arts, government, and religious belief of each tribe. He draws his descriptions from the narratives of the best explorers, carefully weighing and comparing the different reports, until the reader feels satisfied that the picture presented to him is thoroughly trustworthy.

In the second part of the work the whole of the descriptions are summarized, and the author's conclusions are set forth. These conclusions are given, for the most part, in the words of other authorities, whom he cites with general approval. According to these opinions, the most notable qualities of the negro are his light-hearted disposition, his good-nature, his indolence and his improvidence, his fickleness and his vanity. He is untruthful and thievish, but not addicted to great crimes. He is exceedingly generous and hospitable, but is at the same time indifferent to the sufferings of others. He has an excessive curiosity, but little inclination for learning; is intelligent to a

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certain degree, but is incapable of permanent improvement or of a high civilization. He is, in fact, a child with the stature of a man. "During childhood," affirms Sir Samuel Baker, "the negro surpasses in intelligence the white child of the same age; but his mind does not develop. The fruit is there, but it does not ripen; the body grows, but the mind remains stationary." "It is now demonstrated by experience," writes Bérenger-Féraud, "that there is a point, very near the semi-savage state, beyond which the negro cannot pass, whether we leave him to wander or whether we cultivate his mind with care." It is a race, declares Vallon, marked with the stamp of immobility and incapable of change.

These opinions are of the kind to which we in America were accustomed in bygone days, when anthropology was a branch of politics. It will be noticed that there are certain inconsistencies in the qualities ascribed to the negro race, whose members are at once intelligent and thoughtless, generous and selfish, inquisitive and disinclined to learn. What is still more noteworthy is the fact that a phase of mental development which belongs to the whole human race is treated as peculiar to the negro. Everywhere—as Broca's eminent successor, Dr. Topinard, has well pointed out—children are notable for their singular eagerness and capacity for acquiring knowledge. This readiness lasts while the brain continues to grow and gain strength rapidly, as it does in childhood. At the period of adolescence this rapid growth ceases, and with it the eagerness for learning declines. Where necessity stimulates to exertion, as in cold climates, or where custom and ambition urge the youth forward, as among the higher classes in civilized countries, the effort for improvement continues—not, as before, by spontaneous desire, but through a direct exertion of the will. In a genial and fruitful region like tropical Africa, this exertion is less required. If, nevertheless, the exertion has been, as the present work shows, really apparent in the negro race to a marked extent, we have evidence of a decided natural capacity and inclination for improvement in this race.

The abundant facts adduced by Prof. Hovelacque show that the negroes have attained a higher grade of civilization than had been reached by the German tribes in the time of Tacitus, though these tribes had then probably occupied the fertile plains of central Europe, under a stimulating climate, for more than three thousand years. The negroes everywhere cultivate the soil, and raise a great variety of products, including rice, maize, millet, sorghum, leguminous plants, indigo, tobacco, and cotton. In some of the mechanical arts they have made notable progress. The tanners of the Soudan are "renowned" for their skill. Weaving is everywhere practised. The women spin the cotton thread, which the men weave, dye, shape, and sew into garments. Pottery, of native make, is everywhere in common household use. Iron-forgers are numerous, and, though their implements are primitive, often display much skill, both in smelting the ore and in working the metal. There is an extensive commerce, with regular markets, and an established currency of shell-money. Flourishing and populous towns, such as the Germany of Arminius never knew, are the centres of this traffic. The country is "constantly traversed by caravans of negroes, carrying their goods to the coast, and bringing to the interior the products of the coast-lands and of Europe."

One of two conclusions is inevitable. Either the negroes have invented all these arts, or they have learned them from others. In either case their natural capacity for improvement is made clearly evident. Nor is there any reason for supposing that this improvement has reached a limit at which it has become stationary. Two of the chief products of their agriculture, maize and tobacco, have come from America, and in less than four hundred years have been diffused through nearly the whole breadth of Africa. The judgment which pronounces the entire population to be dishonest and thievish is at once shown to be baseless and absurd by their extensive commerce and their industrial arts; for without mutual confidence and general respect for the rights of property, no trade or manufacture can exist. As little can we accept the opinions which pronounce these intelligent and active artisans, cultivators, and traders to be thoughtless and improvident children. Such dicta we perceive to be merely the outcome of those race-prejudices which make it so difficult for the average traveller to judge any foreign people impartially.

Prof. Hovelacque, however, is an enlightened and liberal scholar, far above such vulgar prejudice. He is evidently misled by his "working hypothesis." This hypothesis supposes that the negro belongs to a more primitive grade of humanity than the European, approaching nearer to the anthropoid ape. Such was, in fact, the older Darwinian theory, which Darwin himself is understood to have renounced in his later years. The better theory holds that the qualities, physical and mental, of each race depend chiefly on its environment, including, of course, in this term, the influences exerted upon it by other races. It has been mainly through these external influences that the Germanic tribes have been lifted, within two thousand years, from a barbarism lower than that of the negroes to the height of modern civilization. If the climatic obstacles are more serious in Africa, it must, on the other hand, be admitted that the facts recorded in the present work show in the people a peculiar aptitude for improvement, warranting strong hopes for the future of their race.

One evidence of great scientific value remains to be noticed. Prof. Hovelacque is a philologist of the first rank, and he justly considers that the language of a people furnishes one of the best tests of their mental powers. If he had chosen to apply his own learning and discernment to this test, the result would have led him to an unexpected conclusion. Unfortunately, he has had recourse, not to the languages themselves, but to the opinions of travellers who knew nothing more of those idioms than they could pick up in passing through the country. On their authority, he pronounces of the negro that "abstraction is absolutely beyond his faculty of conception." There are, we are assured, "no abstract words in his language. Only tangible things have the power of touching him. As to generalization, as to deducing from the sense of material phenomena any systematization whatever, we must not demand it of him."

How widely the author has been misled by his untrustworthy guides will appear by a glance at the analyses of African languages comprised in Dr. Friedrich Müller's work on 'Linguistic Science' (*Grundriss der Sprachwissenschaft*), the highest authority on this subject. The languages of the Mande (or Mandingo) family, comprising the Mandingo proper, the Susu, Vei, and Bambara, may be deemed typical negro idioms. Every one of these languages has a suffix (*ya*, *nya*, *dza*), of which the special office, we are told, is "to form from substantives, as well as from adjectives and verbs, nouns of abstract signification." Thus from *bong*, friend, we have *bongya*, friendship; from *mo*, kinsman, *modza*, relationship; from *wuru*, brief, *wuruya*, brevity; from *ketu*, to deceive, *ketunya*, deception. In the languages of an entirely different family, the Yoruba, the same result is attained either by a peculiar form of reduplication, as, in the Nupe dialect, from *wo*, dry, *wiwo*, dryness; from *mo*, sweet, *mimo*, sweetness—or by a prefix, as from *ta*, to betray, *ita*, treachery; from *wu*, to teach, *iwu*, doctrine. Another language, the Wolof, pursues these abstractions into refinements rare even in European tongues. Thus from *dunde*, to live, are derived the forms *ndunde*, life, and *dundite*, "the having lived"; and from *sopa*, to love, we get the nouns *nthyope*, affection, and *sopite*, "the having loved"—affection, as it were, in the past tense. The languages of central Africa are of very varied types; but none of them, it may be affirmed, are so low in the linguistic scale as the speech of the civilized Chinese, while many of them show powers of word-formation and capabilities of expression which will easily fit them for literary uses. Thus the language-test confirms, in a striking way, the many other evidences of the good natural capacity and improvable qualities of the central African population.

Finally, reference may be made to a scientific authority far higher than any of those cited on the other side—that of the eminent naturalist and anthropologist, Prof. A. de Quatrefages, who, in his great work just completed, the 'Introduction to the Study of the Human Races,' has demonstrated by physiological data the falsity of the notion that "the negro is a white man in a state of arrested development." Few writers, indeed, have done more than this illustrious leader of science in France to dispel the unscientific prejudice which holds that all barbarous races are proved by the mere fact of their barbarism to be inferior in capacity to civilized races, a prejudice which, twenty centuries ago, would have ranked Germans and Gauls in natural intelligence below Egyptians and Chinese. Accepting the facts of Hovelacque and the philosophy of Quatrefages, there seems no reason why we should not hold that within much less than two thousand years—for events march rapidly in these later times—middle Africa may become (as northern Africa has twice been) the seat of powerful and civilized nations and the centre of a world-enriching commerce.

RECENT NOVELS.

Zit and Xoe. By the author of 'Lady Bluebeard.' Harper & Bros.

Inside Our Gate. By Christine Chaplin Brush. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

A Woodland Wooing. By Eleanor Putnam. Roberts Bros.

Miss Eyre from Boston, and Others. By Louise Chandler Moulton. Roberts Bros.

Two Sides of a Story. By George Parsons Lathrop. Cassell & Co.

Miss Marlow. Philadelphia: Globe Printing House.

A Crooked Path. By Mrs. Alexander. Henry Holt & Co.

A Sage of Sixteen. By L. B. Walford. Henry Holt & Co.

Isaac Eller's Money. By Mrs. Andrew Dean. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

'ZIT AND XOE' is an evolution story, cleverly conceived, and laid out on original lines. The execution is hardly equal to the design, but this is said rather in praise of the latter than

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in detraction from the former. To a history of the first human beings, an archaic language would have lent itself more suitably than do the flippant phrases of the period. A sense of jarring occasionally mars the enjoyment of the pretty fable, as one comes upon a paragraph that might be taken from a notebook nourished at a summer boarding-house. Facts in such cases are not strictly verifiable, but the author has clearly testified to his own belief in the early development of feminine complexities of mind. Xoe, first of women, cannot be outdone in subtlety and labyrinthine quality by Henry James's most involuted heroine.

A book by the author of 'The Colonel's Opera Cloak' is sure of a public, and those who venture 'Inside Our Gate' will find wholesome cheer. The book is not a story like the former one—in fact, it is not a story at all, but a chronicle of home life, such as must appeal nearly to all who are set in families, and must give to the solitary a sense of domesticity. One would like, provided one had not maltreated an animal, to be shriven at the hands of so gentle and so humorous a priestess as presides over this home altar. The story of her housekeeping, her children, her maid-servants and their lovers, her cats and dogs and birds, is full of naturalness and charm. A humorous realism gives the book its leading motive, although pathos is not wanting. The chapter describing the scene between the Scotch servant, Tibbie, and her braw wooer, the baker, is as amusing a presentment of Caledonianism as has found its way into print.

After the delicate texture of this book, that of 'A Woodland Wooing' wears a somewhat cheap air. New England eccentricities have been described so often and so well in recent years—better than here, we think, by Eleanor Putnam herself, in an earlier, charming volume—that one grows fastidious, and can enjoy only the cream of the cream. The Woodland part of the book is pretty; the drama and the Wooing lack the distinction one must hope to find in a story by the author of 'Old Salem.'

Mrs. Moulton's book of stories—notwithstanding that "Miss Eyre from Boston" heads the procession, followed by many other Bostonians, like the bright seraphim in burning row, and that the collection is dedicated to five Boston girls—has neither the wit, fibre, nor Attic flavor to be looked for in such high association. In vain do the pages reek with Reveres and Quincys; in vain is the atmosphere rarefied with Amorys and Sargents; the Commonplace, which should shrink affrighted, rears its head in every chapter, and, hand in hand with the feebly Sentimental, minces through the book. There is a great deal about "quivers of pathos," "the woman-heart," "sweeping dead hopes down the gale"; about girls like "flowers o' the peach," and "laces like sea-foam"—all of which has the ring of the days we hoped were dead. Less familiar is the spirit of touching gratitude with which large numbers of young men receive refusals at the hands of the peach-blossom girls. This setting forth of altruism is perhaps destined to have a great influence over our gilded youth, and to secure for the book an otherwise hardly attainable immortality.

Mr. Lathrop's book of stories is something better, but causes one to reflect with sorrow how rare an achievement is one good short story, how thousand-fold more rare a book of such. Many a one which passes muster singly, and gives itself easily to the trivial mood of the hammock, wears a sadly limp appearance in a volume with others of its family, and challenging an hour's attention instead of the passing moment's. Mr. Lathrop's stories show as much invention as many, have more imagination than most, yet such pearls as they afford are strung in unequal fashion along with stones of little value. A quality for which there is no better name than home-made overlays the fancy, and produces often an impression of collapse where one has been encouraged to expect an original flight. The style is clear and flowing. It is the matter of the book, rather than its form, which, spite of able touches, carries a hint of the callow.

'Miss Marlow' is quite the most raw piece of work that has blundered into print in a long time, and a book to make one thank the gods that he is not poetical. The dedication speaks of it as "an indifferent offering," which, under the circumstances, is fulsome praise. The story rises in the every-day atmosphere of tennis-playing, fox-hunting young America. It sets in a lurid light which has shone more often in the Bowery Theatre than on land or sea. But not to be classified at all is the language that the characters speak. The lofty periods are those of a Lord Orville, but a Lord Orville of defective education. This is what a mother says, haranguing her daughter upon the behavior of man in the abstract as a husband: "His life he devotes to her happiness and maintenance, his person he commits to tedious labor, to watch and strive by night and day, in winter and summer, to keep his wife secure at home." Not, however, to force the girl into accepting the particular man who has inspired this preachment, the mother adds, and one can fancy her smacking her lips over her own eloquence, "Because your intellect is pleased, your heart touched, it is not a logical sequence that your life shall be affluent in the blessings of contentment and peace." Is not this near to being funny and to entitling the book to a place among the Portuguese phrase-book classics?

Mrs. Alexander's novels are always exceedingly cheerful reading. Her paths lie in well-lighted places, or, if there is an occasional dip into gloom, the reassuring click of a lantern is always at hand. Her villains are not very naughty, her catastrophes not very distressing. Her heroine is always a person of great energy and good spirits. She is usually involved in a little money trouble and a little love trouble, but she secures a secretaryship, or keeps a shop, with unfailing sunshine in her temper, and emerges triumphant and wealthy on the arm of a lord, who is always dark and has a "grave, sweet smile." But in 'A Crooked Path' the gospel of the debonair has been pushed too far. The sonsy lass whom Mrs. Alexander's readers know so well, commits felony, and trips lightly through life with only the most intermittent remorse. She is never found out, except by the reader and by the man she has robbed, who smiles pleasantly at her and marries her. The reader will be less lenient, and will hope that Mrs. Alexander will henceforth keep to her little sins, where her blitheness is not out of place.

'The Sage of Sixteen' is a charming young girl with a considerate disposition towards all mankind, and an especial turn for philanthropy towards the not very poor, but what are called the half-and-halfs — school-teachers, tradesmen's daughters, "persons one does not know"; the class which in English stories is so difficult of management, so inadmissible, so grateful for a little notice. The sage of sixteen reforms two worldly families to the point of making them invite the half-and-halfs to their houses, and England is happier for her presence. As her experiences form scarcely a novel, rather a girl's book which will assuredly be pronounced "splendid," and perhaps be dramatized by a world that makes a cult of Lord Fauntleroy, it is well to remind the young girls who will wish to emulate Elma Alfreton's example, that they should fix their attention not only on her lofty station in life, but on her unselfish sweetness. Being a book by Mrs. Walford, it is needless to say that it is written with practised grace and is easily read.

If Beresford Hope had postponed to the next century his scathing epithet for Disraeli of "the Asian Mystery," the chances are that he would never have used it. The mystery of the modern Jew in England is undergoing such thorough investigation by the novel-writers that solution must be at hand. In the case of 'Isaac Eller's Money,' Disraeli's answering reproach of "Batavian grace" is not applicable. It is one of the cleverest books of its school, and contains some exceedingly telling portraiture. Here are, of course, sordid Jews and Jewesses. They wear yellow and fine brocade; they sit in the crimson-plush seats of the scornful, and are strictly pachyderms. These are more or less familiar figures, but to them are added a quite original person or two, drawn with a good deal of vigor. The Hebrew æsthete and the Hebrew "masher" of Mrs. Dean are her chief successes. Types of exaggeration they are, and caricatures they would assuredly have become under unskilful treatment; but a cunning hand and a shrewd has wrought, and the result is full of quality. The workmanship of the whole book, indeed, is firm and sinewy, and it will be found to yield an entertaining hour's reading.

CLIMATES AND WEATHER OF INDIA.

A Practical Guide to the Climates and Weather of India, Ceylon, and Burmah, and the Storms of Indian Seas. By Henry F. Blanford, F.R.S., late Meteorological Reporter to the Government of India. Macmillan. 1889. 369 pp., 8vo.

The Meteorological Department of the Government of India was established in 1875, and from that time until within a year or two has remained in charge of its first director—or "meteorological reporter," as he is styled—Henry F. Blanford. During his term of office, a large number of well-equipped stations have been established in all parts of the great peninsula. Annual reports have presented long tabular statements of high value to the specialist, and folio memoirs have contained excellent discussions of Indian data; but the need of a more general account of the results has led to the preparation of this admirable book on the climates and weather of India.

Mr. Blanford is as successful in popular exposition as in scientific administration. We have already enjoyed his text-book, the 'Indian Meteorologists' Vade-mecum,' in which the physical principles that lie at the basis of the science find much greater recognition than has generally been allowed them in English writings; and he has written a valuable primer on the 'Rudiments of Physical Geography' for the use of Indian schools, where so much of the stock material of English books would be irrelevant. His scientific writings are chiefly in the memoirs above named, and are particularly concerned with the winds, rainfall, and cyclonic storms of India. His associations are of a high order, he being a member of the Royal Society, and his brother President of the (London) Geological Society, after a term of service on the Geological Survey of India. It is from such a man as this that we are most fortunate in having a popular exposition of scientific results. The book will at once take place as a standard, and will serve excellently as a source for quotation of material concerning one of the

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most interesting meteorological regions of the world. The aboriginal home of the monsoons and the scene of Piddington's studies of cyclones, India is often cited in our text-books; but the statements commonly current are now somewhat stale, and will be greatly freshened by renewed contact with the conclusions of a practical investigator.

Mr. Blanford's book consists of two parts and an appendix of climatic tables. In the first we find chapters on various meteorological topics, for which brief illustrations or numerical tables are given from various parts of India; in the second, the different parts of the country are taken up in succession, and the weather and climates of each described in turn. The author does well to insist on the use of the plural in recounting the wonderful variety of conditions that prevail from the desert plains of the Indus to the humid delta of the Ganges; from the temperate promontory on the south to the torrid lowlands in the north; from the open highlands of Ceylon to the mountain-walled vale of Cashmir. Just as Strachey has lately emphasized the importance of considering the "peoples" of India when describing the wonderfully complex native population, so Blanford calls attention to the variety of its "climates." The book is full of quotable passages. Here are two, slightly altered and condensed. The first describes the climate of the Punjab, the "five-river" region of the north-west:

"Like the rest of India, the Punjab has but three seasons, the hot season from March or April to June, the rains from July into September, and the cold season from October to February. From April to June, as a rule, there is no rain: the hot west wind holds sway, blowing from the sandy wastes of the Indus region. A dweller in the temperate zone can hardly realize the desiccating, truly scorching heat of this wind. The thermometer rises above 120 degrees in the shade. In order to enjoy fresh air at this season one must take exercise at early dawn, for no sooner has the sun risen than the heat sets in again. Then the houses must be closed, only a small door being left for passage. So long as the hot winds blow strong and steady, rooms may be kept in some measure cool by means of grass screens sprinkled with water in front of the doorway, or by some mechanical "thermantidote." Man and beast languish and gasp for air, while even in the house the thermometer stand between 95 and 113 degrees. All green things wither, the grass seems burnt up to the roots, bushes and trees seem moribund, the earth is as hard as a paved highway, the ground is seamed with cracks, and the whole landscape wears an aspect of barrenness and sadness. At length in June the hot winds are followed by a calm, and now the heat is truly fearful. Thermantidotes avail naught, and all things pine for the rains; but no rain, not even a shower, can one hope for till the south and east winds shall have set in. These winds first bring clouds and frequent showers, and finally the summer rains. In July the trees begin a second time to burst into leaf, grass springs up once more, and soon a vegetation is developed that is scarce to be kept within bounds. Grateful as is the coolness brought by the showers, the more oppressively hot and sultry is it when the rain holds off, if only for half a day. The atmosphere weighs on one like a heavy coverlet. Insect and reptilian life is active; of evenings it hums, and buzzes, and croaks all around; frogs find their way into the houses, and, with them, scorpions and snakes, making it unwise to go about in the dark. Woodwork swells, doors and windows can only be fastened with difficulty. Shoes become thickly coated with fungus, books become mouldy and worm-eaten, paper [brittle in the dry season] perishes, linen becomes damp in the presses, and, despite the oppressive heat, one must light a fire to neutralize the dampness.

And so on through a feverish October, to a fine, cool season, in which life is worth living. Curiously enough, the most agreeable contrast to this oppressive climate is found nearer the equator, on the table-land of Southern India. Ootacamund, the summer residence of the Madras Government, is in the Nilgiri hills, over 7,000 feet above the sea, where the eastern and western Ghats converge southward. Among all the pleasant memories of more than thirty years of Indian life, as Blanford courteously phrases his recollection of this generally torrid country, he can recall no more charming scene and climate than those of the Nilgiri hills. Many an old Anglo-Indian, whom choice or necessity has led to fix his home in India, has found in these hills scenery as beautiful and a climate as enjoyable as any in the most-favored lands of the Mediterranean shores. Its striking characteristic is the comparative uniformity of its temperature throughout the year. Its mean annual temperature is 55 degrees, the same as that of Simla, the summer residence of the Calcutta Government on the ridge of one of the outer ranges of the northwestern Himalaya; but May, the warmest month, is only 59 degrees, and January, the coolest, is 48 degrees. The daily range is great, as is usual on table-lands, but in 1880 the highest reading was only 77.3 degrees, and the lowest 25.3 degrees. The annual rainfall averages only 45.8 inches, with an average of 143 rainy days. Such a climate deserves the high praise given it.

Other subjects of special interest are the description and charts of the winter and summer monsoons, the samples of daily weather charts issued from Calcutta and Simla, the accounts of the extraordinary rainfall of certain stations, and the history of the cyclones and cyclonic storms, all of which we would strongly recommend to the attention of our meteorologists.

The only serious drawback in the make-up of the book is the absence of an outline map, on which the stations and their outlandish names might be entered. Masulipatam, Coimbatore, Thyet-Myo, and the rest may be familiar enough to Anglo-Indians, for whom truly the book was primarily written; but a work of such sterling value will have readers abroad as well, and to them these names are a mystification. The proof-reading is not beyond praise, as Sir Proby Cautley is printed Cantley (p. 141), and Lieut. Finley appears as Finlay (p. 90), and a brief examination of the climatic tables in the appendix discovers that the headings "monthly" and "daily" are interchanged for Simla (p. 292). But it is only force of habit that leads a reviewer to mention these trifles in a book so generally excellent. We should be glad to see similar accounts of the other colonial possessions of Great Britain.

The Colonial Laws of Massachusetts. Reprinted from the edition of 1660, with the supplements to 1672. Containing also The Body of Liberties of 1641. Published by order of the City Council of Boston, under the supervision of William H. Whitmore, Record Commissioner. Boston. 1889.

THE publication of this handsome volume is a proof that Boston has not yet sunk to the rank of a mere aggregation of men and houses —describable, in summary Ciceronian phrase, as *domicilia conjuncta, quas urbes dicimus.* The members of its City Council are perhaps not greatly superior in virtue to officers of like position elsewhere, but they cannot altogether resist the atmosphere of civic pride which enfolds them and recalls even to the stranger the illustrious history of the place. They have at least allowed a portion of the funds under their control to be applied to antiquarian research by a most competent and devoted commissioner, and no one that has beheld the squalid condition of the city library of New York will be inclined to carp at their probable motives.

Although the records of Massachusetts from 1629 to 1686 have been published by the State, they do not supply the necessary information in regard to the laws. The Body of Liberties enacted in 1641 seems never to have been entered on the records. The compilation of 1812 made by Dane, Prescott, and Story, under authority of the Legislature, and known as "Ancient Charters and General Laws," has been practically rendered obsolete by the elaborate investigations of later scholars. But with the aid of the other publications of the State, and of this volume and its companion, the Revision of 1672, the progress of legislation may now be conveniently studied from the earliest days of the colony. The collection of laws issued in 1649 is apparently lost beyond recovery, but it is possible, by a careful comparison of the collections that have been preserved, to reconstruct it in a nearly perfect form. For the study of the development of the General Court into a Parliament, Mr. Whitmore's introduction is of much value. His notes are principally upon bibliographical and textual matters. The evidence bearing on the rival claims of John Cotton and Nathaniel Ward to the authorship of the Body of Liberties is thoroughly sifted, and substantial reasons are given for the rejection of Cotton's code as spurious. Upon many other points Mr. Whitmore's patient scholarship lightens the task of the critical reader. We will only add that the laws are reproduced by the photo-electrotype process, and that a facsimile of the manuscript Body of Liberties is given.

Although we cannot here undertake any extended comment upon the substance of this volume, it is impossible, when we consider the far-reaching influence of the Massachusetts colony, to refrain from noticing some of the features of its primitive jurisprudence. The Body of Liberties was a veritable magna carta, and seems in fact to have been obtained by the people from their rulers only after something of a struggle. It forms at once a singularly complete Bill of Rights, and a Constitution. In one sense it is only a reproduction of the English "Common-Law Liberties," but it presents them as a code, and it includes some notable additions. The penal provisions are in the main enlightened, and the offences punishable with death are few. This was owing in part to the circumstances of the commonwealth, but chiefly, it seems probable, to the controlling influence of the Hebrew code; yet the spirit of the Dark Ages had not entirely departed, as the following declaration shows:

"45. No man shall be forced by Torture to confesse any Crime against himselfe nor any other unlesse it be in some Capitall case where he is first fullie convicted by clearc and sufficient evidence to be guilty, After which if the cause be of that nature, That it is very apparent there be other conspiritours, or confederates with him, Then he may be tortured, yet not with such Tortures as be Barbarous and inhumane."

In one respect there seems to have been a retrogression since the time of this code. It was then provided that no man should be rated for any estate or revenue that he had in foreign parts, upon the ground that it would be double taxation. The present law of Massachusetts is not so scrupulous. It is certainly remarkable that cruelty to animals was so early forbidden; the institution of human slavery also was regulated by a number of merciful provisions. Here again the Hebrew law had its effect, and the "Liberties of Servants" seem to contemplate that their term of service should be limited to seven years, and that then they

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were not to be "sent away emptie." Very liberal, too, is the provision for political discussion:

"12. Every man whether Inhabitant or fforreiner, free or not free, shall have libertie to come to any publique Court, Councel, or Towne meeting, and either by speech or writeing to move any lawfull, seasonable, and materiall question, or to present any necessary motion, complaint, petition, Bill or information, whereof that meeting hath proper cognizance, so it be done in convenient time, due order, and respective manner."

It is a little strange that with the profusion of capital letters that characterizes this code as well as the other writings of the day, the name of the Deity should be begun with a small "g." In the code of 1660 the usual spelling is employed, and religious matters receive much more attention. It is plain that clericalism was showing its cloven foot, and a mean and meddlesome spirit appears in these laws that was wholly absent from the earlier code. Everything that the ruling caste disliked was denounced as tending to the dishonor of God, and numberless minute and exasperating regulations were introduced and sanctioned by savage punishments, to the confusion of all who were disposed to indulge in damnable or blasphemous heresies or to behave themselves contemptuously towards the "messengers of God's word." To the growth of the clerical influence, no doubt, was due the creation of two new capital crimes—that of being a stubborn son and that of cursing or smiting a parent. But the characteristics of this period have been abundantly proclaimed in modern days, and we content ourselves with calling attention to the conspicuous difference in the spirit of the two codes as a proof of the speed with which the possession of arbitrary power corrupts rulers.

Almost equally striking is the development of legal procedure that had taken place within these twenty years. The earlier code, although evidently drawn up or revised by lawyers, prohibited the employment of paid attorneys. That of 1660, on the other hand, discouraged suitors from obtaining advice from magistrates, and testifies, by the technicality and precision of the system of practice which it contains, to the existence of an organized legal profession. This and certain other features are conclusive proofs of an extremely rapid growth of wealth and commerce, and indeed produce the opinion in the mind of the professional reader that the times were not altogether so primitive as we are apt to suppose. Certainly the system of jurisprudence is suitable to an advanced and complicated civilization. The volume is perhaps of especial interest to few but lawyers; but all who recognize the importance of the history of Massachusetts will be glad that these records have been made permanently accessible.

Korean Tales. By H. N. Allen, M.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

It is astonishing how little is yet known about Corea. Despite the fact that her people claim a civilization nearly as old as China, and see in Kishi, the ancestor of Confucius, the founder of their social order, she is less known than any other of the nations in the Chinese Asiatic family. She has furnished a large contingent of population to the Japanese archipelago, besides being the medium through which the civilization of China reached the island empire. Though over and over invaded by both Japanese and Chinese armies, and visited constantly by people from either country, there are, in the voluminous literature of these neighbor nations, surprisingly few books about the Land of Morning Calm. Western nations until the sixteenth century scarcely knew of her existence, despite the fact that the Arabs traded with the far-off peninsulars. Even when Japan was being so well advertised in Europe in the sixteenth century, and Japanese armies, during this same period, were overrunning Corea, her name, except among the Portuguese, was next to unknown in the West. While a very respectable library of books about Japan, during the period from 1539 to 1637, was formed in the languages and libraries of southern Europe, and in Holland and the North from 1630 to 1853, Corea, except in the narrative of Hamel, was a strange name, suggesting ignorance on the one continent and hermit-like isolation on the other. When Japan was reopened in 1853, her people and country were not unknown to Europe; whereas, even when Corea signed treaties with the United States and Europe in 1883 and later, there was no body of knowledge either to stimulate or to satisfy curiosity. Still more remarkable does it seem to us that, despite the number of merchants and missionaries, travellers and newspaper correspondents, who have entered or traversed the peninsula, an interested seeker after knowledge can, with the severest industry, glean only pitiful fragments of knowledge.

Dr. Henry N. Allen, the foreign secretary of the Corean legation in Washington, tells us in his preface that American curiosity to know about our Western or ultra-Oriental neighbors is very great. Notwithstanding four years' residence in the capital Séoul, and a few journeys into the interior, he has denied himself the pleasure or the labor of writing a book of observations, and instead gives us specimens of folk-lore. He is the first, probably, to translate them into English, though in the appendix to the 'Grammaire Coréenne' of the French missionaries may be found about two dozen Corean folk-tales literally translated into French, without comment or embellishment. Many will regret, with us, that Dr. Allen has not made his collection more comprehensive. Corean folk-tales are especially interesting as showing the peculiarities of the variations in the peninsula of the root-stocks common to the nations of Chinese Asia, and especially China and Japan. Of the seven here collected, "The Rabbit," "The Trials of Two Heavenly Lovers," "The Swallow King's Rewards," are distinctly variations only of the well-known favorites told for centuries on the *kangs* of China and by the *hibachi* of Japan. Two of the tales, "The Faithful Dancing-Girl Wife" and the "Dutiful Daughter," illustrate the political and social life of the hermit nation, while that of "The Adventures of an Abused Boy" reminds us of Japanese counterparts from fairy land. These seven 'Korean Tales' will take the reader into the thought of the people more swiftly and easily than books written about the white-robed people who live under their big hats and smoke such anomalously long pipes.

Indeed, the only fault we have to find with Dr. Allen's work—yet a serious one—is that he has not confined his remarks and general information, valuable and delightful in its place, to the two introductory chapters. Folk-lore ought always to be translated with as little foreign coloring, interpolation, or disturbing element as possible. In his renderings and presentation in English, however, we fear the transfuser of Corean thought has been too benevolently mindful of those Washingtonian inquirers who thought Corea was an island in the Pacific, or could be reached from Europe, in A. D. 1889, by railway. It would have been better, also, to have left out some of the pronounced Americanisms, which do not add to the value of an otherwise excellent book, for which we must be grateful. Nor ought the term "coolies" to be applied to free Asiatics who have no Hindu caste in their system. In further attempts to let the Coreans speak for themselves, the translator will render science, literature, and the reading public greater service than even in his present essay, by more rigid adherence to the native texts. Like the printer, the alien folk-lorist should "follow copy."

A Treatise on Linear Differential Equations. By Thomas Craig, Associate Professor in the Johns Hopkins University. John Wiley & Sons. 1889.

This book should mark, if not make, an epoch in the history of mathematical study in America. If we except Peirce's 'Analytic Mechanics,' published thirty years ago, it is the first special treatise on any of the subjects now recognized as belonging to advanced mathematics that has appeared in this country. And advanced enough it surely is. It assumes on the part of the reader a knowledge of the theory of functions of an imaginary variable which, though not extensive, cannot be derived from any book in the English language, and can only be acquired at a few of our leading universities, or by the study of French or German text-books. Having acquired this preliminary knowledge, which, after all, is neither difficult nor abstruse, the student of mathematical tastes will find in Professor Craig's book all the precision and clearness of the practised teacher. We earnestly hope that the instructors in our leading colleges will find it helpful in redeeming our country from the reproach of being, among enlightened ones, that in which there are fewest students of modern mathematics.

One word ought to be said in appreciation of the publishers who have been willing, at their own expense, to bring out a work of which the returns can never be expected to balance the outlay. In this respect the Messrs. Wiley have continued a policy which they inaugurated in the case of several other works of an advanced character which bear their imprint, and for which they are justly entitled to the thanks of all our students of advanced mathematics.

John Bachman, D.D., LL.D., Ph.D., the Pastor of St. John's Lutheran Church, Charleston. Charleston, S. C.: Walker, Evans & Cogswell Co.

It is only to a very limited circle that this biography makes its appeal. The relatives and friends of Dr. Bachman will, no doubt, value the record of a long and busy life, endeared to them by many kindly traits; and though he died in 1874, there must still be a good many who knew him as their pastor in Charleston who will prize this affectionate tribute to his worth and think it well deserved. The grandson who collected the material for the biography did not live to write it. We should have had from him a more rhetorical and effusive piece of work than this, but, judging from certain fragments, a less agreeable performance, though this has no literary merit, and the intrinsic interest of the subject-matter is not so great as to make us indifferent to the form. There was about as much excuse for writing Dr. Bachman's biography as there is for writing the biography of any clergyman who has pursued his vocation with perfunctory faithfulness, in connection with an avocation which he has thoroughly enjoyed. In Dr. Bachman's vocation there was so little that

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was in any way remarkable that the account of this could easily have been compressed into a dozen pages. His ministry was successful in attracting a large congregation, in its encouragement of several young men to enter the Lutheran ministry, and in winning the warm affection of his flock. That a defence of Luther against Roman Catholic aspersions could have been its most brilliant episode, only shows how flat its general level was.

Dr. Bachman's avocation was natural history, on the lines of botany and zoölogy. Ornithology especially attracted him. A list of his publications, given in an appendix, is remarkable for the proportion of scientific to religious matter. Of twenty titles, fifteen are scientific. There is but one sermon—that, happily, against duelling—the only evidence of Dr. Bachman's divergence from the social standards of the community in which he lived. Of his scientific works, the most important was an account in three volumes of the quadrupeds of North America, for which he furnished the text and Audubon the illustrations. His relation to Audubon was, for the reader, the most interesting personal relation of his life. Two of his daughters married Audubon's sons, but died after a brief period. Many of his letters to Audubon are given. They are full of animal spirits, but have more of the boisterous enthusiasm of the amateur than of scientific steadiness and calm. To at least one scientific question—the unity of the human race—he brought a purely theological disposition. He was as firmly convinced as Hugh Miller that the Bible is the final standard by which all scientific statements must be judged; and his conclusions have the value that belongs to such an order of ideas. The judgment of some competent zoölogist and botanist upon his studies and results would have been a valuable addition to the book.

The fact that Dr. Bachman was a resident of Charleston in the stirring times of nullification and secession might lead the reader to expect some interesting disclosures of the inner life of the rebellious little city. But he will find only the most casual mention of those great events. Dr. Bachman, we are told, was "a pronounced Unionist" in the nullification days. But he would not "disgrace his pulpit by preaching a political sermon" when a Fast Day was ordered by the Governor and the other pulpits rang with nullification sermons. He read the Sermon on the Mount! After such an evasion we are not surprised, in December, 1860, when South Carolina passed the Ordinance of Secession, to find him in the Convention, asking the blessing of heaven on the act. Just before, he had preached a sermon on "The Duty of a Christian to his Country," in which "he avoided the questions of the day as much as possible." The doctrine of secession now met with his approval, and there is no sign that slavery ever gave him any trouble. His father had been a slaveholder in New York, and he had carried one of his slaves to Charleston in 1815. When Columbia was burned by our troops in 1865, Dr. Bachman was in the vicinity, and was roughly handled. It was perhaps fortunate for his gray hairs that he was not identified as Chaplain of the Secession Convention. It was a sad wreck of his former congregation that he drew together when the war was over and slavery and secession were as extinct as any of his fossil species of an immemorial past.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, W. H. D. Witch, Warlock, and Magician: Historical Sketches of Magic and Witchcraft in England and Scotland. *J. W. Bouton.*
Alcott, Louisa M. Lulu's Library. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.
A Reply to Dr. Lightfoot's Essays. By the Author of 'Supernatural Religion.' Longmans, Green & Co. $2.
Ayres, Anne. The Life and Work of William Augustus Muhlenberg, D.D. 4th ed. Thomas Whittaker. $2.
Bagehot, W. A Plan for Assimilating the English and American Money, as a Step towards a Universal Money. Longmans, Green & Co. 75 cents.
Ballantyne, R. M. Blown to Bits; or, the Lonely Man of Rakata: A Tale of the Malay Archipelago. Thomas Nelson & Sons.
Ballou, M. M. The New Eldorado: A Summer Journey to Alaska. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Bancroft, G. Martin Van Buren to the End of his Career. Harper & Bros.
Barr, Amelia E. Feet of Clay. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.
Begy, J. A. Practical Handbook of Toilet Preparations and their Uses. Wm. L. Allison.
Beruthsen, Dr. A. A Text-Book of Organic Chemistry. D. Van Nostrand & Co.
Bertron, Mrs. Otilie. Review of Col. R. G. Ingersoll's Attacks upon Christianity. Philadelphia: The Author. 25 cents.
Bilgram, H. Involuntary Idleness: An Exposition of the Cause of the Discrepancy existing between the Supply and the Demand for Labor and its Products. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.
Bowie, Dr. A. Harvey on the Circulation of the Blood. Scribner & Welford. 60 cents.
Brinton, Dr. D. G., and Anthony, Rev. A. S. A Lenape-English Dictionary. Philadelphia: Historical Society of Pennsylvania. $3.
Burt, Mary E. Literary Landmarks: A Guide to Good Reading for Young People, and Teachers' Assistant. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 75 cents.
Campbell, J. A. Unto the Uttermost. Fords, Howard & Hulbert. $1.25.
Carette, Madame. Recollections of the Court of the Tuileries. D. Appleton & Co.
Catherwood, Mary H. The Romance of Dollard. The Century Co. $1.25.
Chambers, G. F. A Handbook of Descriptive and Practical Astronomy. 4th ed. Macmillan & Co. $5.25.
Cheney, Ednah D. Louisa May Alcott: Her Life, Letters and Journals. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.50.
Coffin, C. C. Redeeming the Republic. The Third Period in the War of the Rebellion in the Year 1864. Harper & Bros.
Cooley, Judge T. M., and Others. Lectures on the Constitutional History of the United States, as Seen in the Development of American Law. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.
Coolidge, Susan. A Few More Verses. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.
Coolidge, Susan. Just Sixteen. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.25.
Crowninshield, Mary B. Plucky Smalls: His Story. Boston: D. Lothrop Co. $1.
Curtis, G. T. Constitutional History of the United States, from their Declaration of Independence to the Close of their Civil War. New ed. in 2 vols. Vol. I. Harper & Bros. $2.
Darling, Flora. A Social Diplomat. John W. Lovell Co. 50 cents.
Diltz, H. P. Dunleath Abbey; or, the Fatal Inheritance. G. W. Dillingham.
Dumas, A. Marguerite de Valois. 2 vols. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Edwards, H. S. Two Runaways, and Other Stories. The Century Co. $1.50.
Ferguson, Kate L. Cliquot. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 25 cents.
Foster, Prof. M. A Text-Book of Physiology. 5th ed., revised. Macmillan & Co. $2.60.
Gilman, B. The Kingdom of Coins. Boston: Roberts Bros. 60 cents.
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